



## THEY'LL BE OVER, GEORGE. HIMSELF AND DOZENS MORE

Weber and Fields, Maude  
Adams, Elsie Ferguson  
to Join A.E.F.

## NO, NOT IN THE MOVIES!

Real Flesh and Blood American  
Stars Will Tour Y.M.C.A.  
Hut Circuit

## BILLIE BURKE? OF COURSE

Jim Corbett!—Yes—John Drew?—Li-  
lian Russell!—Sure—Nobody's  
Been Left Out

Elsie Janis came and saw and con-  
quered and abled home to her brothers  
and sisters of the stage to come on over  
or they'd never know what they had  
missed. And they are coming, the  
brightest stars in the American theat-  
rical firmament.

Maude Adams, George Cohan, Jimmy  
Powers, Marguerite Clark, Weber and  
Fields, Marie Dora, Elsie Ferguson,  
Jack Barrymore—they have one and all  
enlisted for a tour in the most honor-  
able circuit any booking office can offer  
a player these days—the Y.M.C.A.  
huts of France.

This advance of the players is the re-  
sult of the tour of investigation made  
last fall by Winthrop Ames and E. H.  
Sohrner. When they got back they  
formed the "Americans Over There The-  
ater League," made the irrepressible  
Cohan a leading spirit of it, and laid  
plans to send among the A.E.F. some  
75 or 80 small companies. They will  
make the most of those who, like Elsie  
Janis, need no properties or assistants  
in furnishing a whole evening's enter-  
tainment.

## To Be Heard in Every Camp

The players will be called upon to  
play the A.E.F. for tens of weeks, and  
no visit will be so brief that the actor will  
not have a hearing in every camp before he  
sets sail for home and the dear old box-  
office. In particular, comedians are  
wanted. The motto of the "Americans  
Over There Theater League" might well  
be "The Merrier the More."  
Billie Burke is coming. Flo Ziegfeld  
(her husband) has made up his mind to  
do without her for three months.  
Willie Collier is coming. He says he  
will head a company or carry a spear  
or do anything so long as they let him  
come.

June Cow (they used to call her Cry-  
ing Joe) has dried those tears and will  
try to qualify.

John Drew, Otis Skinner, Julia Mar-  
lowe, Lillian Russell, Ruth Chatterton,  
Frances Starr, Tom Wise, James J.  
Corbett—these are only a few of the  
recruits.

**Volunteers 4,000 Strong**  
Some 4,000 vaudeville players have  
volunteered for your amusement. The  
Lamb, the Friars, the Players and  
other stage associations have offered to  
form companies and send them over the  
top in a body. It is simply a question  
of how many we want and how much  
room there is in the huts.  
The vanguard will arrive next month.  
Before long, the Yanks resting up  
between adventures in the trenches may  
look upon the loveliness of Elsie Fer-  
guson, watch Lew Fields at his ancient  
task of choking Joe Weber to death and  
listen while the author of "Over There"  
sings his own ditty through his own  
nose.

In order that they may move among  
us unmolested, the military nummers  
will wear Y.M.C.A. uniforms. Times  
Square is reliably reported as all agog  
at the thought of Willie Collier in a  
Y.M.C.A. uniform. Or for that matter,  
George Cohan. Or Jim Corbett.  
Mr. Ames and Mr. Sohrner further  
recommended that as the soldiers en-  
joyed their own shows better than any  
other kind, every support be given to  
company productions, and soon the  
Y.M.C.A. will have at every A.E.F.  
center a man who can help put on  
shows and a good stock of costumes,  
wigs, face paint, burnt cork, comedy  
teeth, scenery, one-act farces and other  
handy aids to amateur dramatics.

## GARY SYSTEM DROPPED

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]  
NEW YORK, May 16.—This city has  
abolished the Gary school system, so-  
called, of vocational education with  
hardly a ripple.  
The abolition had been accepted all  
along as a foregone conclusion, inas-  
much as the system, introduced during  
the Mitchell administration, was one of  
the things most violently attacked by  
Mayor Hylan and the press that sup-  
ported him during last fall's mayoralty  
campaign.

The Gary system had its origin in the  
public schools of Gary, Ind., and was  
transported to New York and tried out  
in a few of the city schools during the  
past four years. It had as advocates  
several of the more prominent educa-  
tors connected with the work of the  
Rockefeller Foundation.

## "HONOR TO THEIR VALOR," SAYS FRANCE'S PREMIER OF AMERICANS

To THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

Last September, I said to several of your magnificent soldiers whose guest I was: "You are going to be called upon to make a great effort and to fulfill it, perhaps, at the cost of your life. We can feel only gratitude and friendship for you who have come from afar to help us."

Today we have seen them at their task. Men who served with impassioned zeal the democratic ideal we want to save, they are worthy of their great forbears. Honor to their valor.

## HOW YOU MAY WIN OUR ARMY'S DECORATIONS

In response to a flood of inquiries, G.I.Q. has issued a bulletin which interprets the distinction between the medal of Honor, the Distinguished Service Cross and the Distinguished Service Medal and which illustrates by examples the high standards of gallantry and service which have been set for these awards. The bulletin instructs all concerned in the proper method of recommendations and in the ceremony to be held when the awards are presented.

The big award is the Medal of Honor, closest American cousin of the celebrated V.C., which is the highest honor that can come to a British soldier. The D.S.C. and the Distinguished Service Medal are open to the officers and enlisted men of our Allies. Not so the Medal of Honor, which is for Americans only.

To deserve the Medal of Honor—which is an award for gallantry in action—a soldier must perform some deed of most distinguished personal bravery and self-sacrifice, an uncommonly hazardous adventure conspicuously enough to single him out above all his comrades, a deed so clearly above and beyond all call of duty that no one could justly blame him for leaving it undone.

### The Highest Valor

As a guide for commanders who may wish to recom-  
mend men for the Medal of Honor, some typical cases  
for which similar awards have been made in the Armies  
of our Allies are given in the bulletin. Here are two of them:—

Lieutenant — took command of his own and another  
company when both had suffered severely, and with  
great dash and success led them forward in attack  
under heavy machine gun fire. Seeing the battalion on  
his right held up by machine gun fire, he led a pla-  
toon to its help. Upon he went on with only two men  
to a dugout. Leaving the men on top, he entered the  
dugout alone and brought up 14 prisoners.

Then he proceeded with his two men to another dug-  
out which, with rifle and machine gun fire and bombs,  
had been holding up the attack. This dugout was  
reached and the crew was either killed or captured and  
the machine gun taken.

The lieutenant was then attacked from another dugout  
by 15 of the enemy under an officer, and one of his men  
was killed and the other wounded. Undaunted still,  
Lieutenant — seized a rifle and shot no fewer than  
five of the enemy. Then, using another as a shield, he  
forced most of the survivors to surrender.

Such was the quickness, courage and resourcefulness  
of this young officer that he cleared several other dug-  
outs alone or with one man, taking in all about 50 pris-  
oners. He then fully consolidated his position and per-  
sonally waded his front under heavy close range sniping  
in broad daylight when all others had failed to do so.

Private — was a stretcher bearer, and for three days  
and nights he strove unceasingly to bring the wounded  
into safety, dressing them and getting them food and  
water. He worked in an area which was swept by shell,  
machine gun and rifle fire, and several times he was  
knocked down and partially buried by enemy shells.

He rescued a comrade who had been blinded and was  
struggling about ahead of their trench in full view of  
the enemy, who were sniping at him. He brought in  
another comrade under heavy shell fire, and on a third  
occasion he brought in a wounded man "under" very  
heavy enemy fire of every description. Neither fire nor  
exhaustion deterred him from assisting in his humane  
work.

### How D.S.C. Will Be Awarded

Like the Medal of Honor, the D.S.C. is an award for  
gallantry in action. It may be won by any one who  
may distinguish himself or herself by extraordinary  
heroism in connection with military operations against  
an armed enemy of the United States. It may recognize  
any such deed performed since April 6, 1917, the day  
our country went to war with Germany. It is for great  
gallantry—but not quite great enough to deserve the  
Medal of Honor.

As with the Medal of Honor, the bulletin illustrates  
the standard of the D.S.C. with several cases, of which  
two are given here:

Lieutenant — gave proof of unhesitating devotion

and energy by leading his platoon to the assault, capturing numerous pris-  
oners and presiding over the organization of a captured post in disregard  
of all danger.

While charged with the support and protection of a reconnaissance within  
the enemy's lines, he gave the best example of calmness, decision and courage  
under a particularly intense machine gun fire. Wounded in this action, he  
refused to let himself be evacuated and remained in command over his pla-  
toon.

Private —, an automatic rifleman of great bravery, remained alone at his  
post during a hostile attack, firing continuously until his gun was broken by  
a bullet.

Having no weapon with which to resist further and his lieutenant having



The Distinguished Service Cross, of bronze, full size. Obverse: On each  
arm of cross an oak leaf with a star at the stem; on scroll beneath eagle  
the words "E Pluribus Unum." Reverse: Laurel wreath transversed by orna-  
mental staff and crossed by panel inscribed, "For Valor." Ribbon of royal  
blue, edged with stripes of white and red.

been badly wounded by his side, he put the latter upon his back and carried  
him in the open over shell-ploved ground under a heavy barrage fire to a  
first-aid post. He immediately rejoined the remainder of his company still  
in line.

### Rules Governing D.S.M.

The Distinguished Service Medal may be awarded to any one who distin-  
guishes himself or herself by exceptionally meritorious service to the Gov-  
ernment in a duty of great responsibility in time of war or in connection  
with operations against an armed enemy of the United States.

The Medal of Honor and the D.S.C. are for gallantry in action, the Dis-  
tinguished Service Medal may be given for service involving no participation  
in action and no question of bravery. The Distinguished Service Medal might  
be awarded to any one fulfilling to admiration a duty of great responsibility  
far behind the lines or even back home in the States.

It may be awarded to persons serving at posts far removed from the theater  
of operations. It may be awarded to commanders or to members of their staff  
who give exceptionally capable performances of duty in responsible positions  
which are none the less trying and difficult because they call for no gallantry  
in action and hold their man well beyond range of the enemy's guns.

With the Distinguished Service Medal, our Army has for the first time in  
its history an award for the strategist, for the man who plans. The work of  
such a soldier as General Pershing would never permit him to be a candidate for  
the Medal of Honor or the D.S.C. But such as he could win the Distinguished  
Service Medal.

### Recommendations for Awards

Recommendations for any of these awards are to be made by the divi-  
sion commander, who will forward his recommendations to the Commander.

in-Chief, A.E.F. These recommendations will be treated  
as strictly confidential both by the division com-  
mander and G.I.Q. This, however, does not prevent  
commanders from expressing, in orders or otherwise,  
their appreciation of meritorious conduct by officers or  
men in their commands.

The reason for secrecy is that, in case, the recom-  
mendation should be disapproved by G.I.Q., the man  
concerned would not even know he had been recom-  
mended for the award, whereas, if he were told of it  
beforehand, his disappointment would justly be bitter.

The division commander will, whenever circumstances  
permit, make personal investigation of each individual  
case of a man recommended for an award, and will re-  
port the fact if he makes such a personal inquiry. Rec-  
ommendations for awards which are not approved will  
not be resubmitted.

In case recommendation is made for the award to more  
than one individual, the recommendations are to be  
placed and entered in the order of their award.

If any one recommended has already been awarded a  
decoration citation will be stated, if known.

Once the recommendation has been approved, the divi-  
sion commander, whose task by no means ends with the  
forwarding of the recommendation, will make arrange-  
ments for the ceremony of bestowing the awards.

Officers or soldiers who are reported prisoners of war  
are not to be recommended for award in recognition of  
acts of gallantry connected with their capture.

### Presentation Ceremony

When practicable, the actual presentation of a Medal  
of Honor, a Distinguished Service Cross or the Dis-  
tinguished Service Medal will be accompanied by a formal  
review.

The persons who receive the award will assemble on  
the right of the line and between the music and the first  
company. If practicable, at least one battalion will take  
part in the review. The division commander will re-  
ceive the review and personally present the award.

After the division commander has completed the re-  
view of the troops (Par. 712, I.D.R.), the persons to be  
decorated will be marched parallel to and 15 paces in  
front of the line to a point opposite the reviewing officer.  
They will then change direct to the right and, accompa-  
nied by the colors, will advance in line to a point mid-  
way between the division commander and the troops.

The march will be conducted by the senior brigade  
commander. The band will play during the march. The  
colors, including the color guard, will follow at ten paces  
in center of the line of persons to be decorated and file  
in a corresponding position.

Then the brigade commander will advance toward the  
division commander and salute, reporting, "Sir, the per-  
sons to be decorated are present." The division com-  
mander will return the salute and will direct that the  
command be presented.

The brigade commander will then bring the com-  
mand, including the persons to be decorated and the  
colors, to present arms. The music will then play "The  
Star Spangled Banner," or if only field music is present,  
"To the Colors" will be sounded. On the completion of  
the music, the brigade commander will bring the troops  
to order arms.

A staff officer of the division commander will read to  
the division commander, accompanied by his staff, will then  
advance to the line of persons to be decorated and after  
making appropriate remarks will pin the decorations  
awarded on the left breast of each person.

Upon completion of this ceremony, he will direct the  
brigade commander to pass the troops in review and  
will return to the position of the reviewing officer. The  
persons who have been decorated will join the division  
commander and form in line on his left. The colors will  
go to the color company. The command will then be  
marched in review and dismissed.

In all formations, persons to be decorated will be  
formed in line in accordance with their rank from right  
to left.

## MOTHER'S LETTER TO BE DELIVERED BY END OF MONTH

Sunday's Harvest of Home  
Messages Already on  
Way to States

## HOW MANY? LET HUN GUESS

Pens and Pencils Kept Busy from  
Base Points to Front Line  
Trenches

## FRENCH HELP US CELEBRATE

Miss Tin Serves as Dugout Desk, Any-  
thing Goes as Paper, But  
Everyone Writes

The Mother's Letter celebration—THE  
STARS AND STRIPES plan for having  
every soldier write to his mother on  
Mother's Day—was an overwhelming  
success. It led to the greatest outpour  
of extremely first-class mail matter the  
A.E.F. has known. The flood of letters  
home broke all records in American his-  
tory, for never before have so many  
Americans found themselves far from  
the soil of their native land.

We may not give here the exact num-  
ber of Mothers' Letters written on May  
12, for that would be giving a certain  
vastly interested party an exact idea of  
how many Yanks there are in France.  
You see, we all wrote.

But we can tell you that the volume  
of Mothers' Letters posted last Sunday  
and Monday (and they were still com-  
ing in as late as Wednesday) more than  
quadrupled the ordinary A.E.F. output  
for the first two days of the week.

Those letters, some of them eloquent  
and some of them awkward, but all of  
them tender and true, are now on their  
way home. According to the final esti-  
mate by John Clark, chief postmaster  
of the service in France, the greater  
part of them—80 per cent—will have  
been delivered, read for the third  
time and shown to the lady next door  
before the end of May.

### Miss Tin Cover for Desk

They were written on strange bits of  
paper, some of them, and in still  
stranger places. This boy from Vermont  
scribbled his in a dugout with the  
cover of his mess tin as a desk; that  
lanky Georgian scrawled his painfully  
on the deck of a ship that rocked at  
anchor in a French port, while the  
Kansas City kid in the first surgical  
ward had to dictate his to the much  
affected sergeant in the next bed.

Some who wrote were doing something  
they had done faithfully every week  
since they first put on olive drab. Others  
found in the promptings of Mother's  
Day the reminder to write the letter  
they had been meaning to write these  
many, many weeks but which, thought-  
less and engrossed in this new life of  
ours, they had been letting slide and  
slide. Some wrote who had drifted far-  
ther from home than there are miles in  
the Equator to measure the distance.

At one point a group of sailors was  
silent in the throes of arduous composi-  
tion and close by a weather beaten gob  
stood watching them grinchily. As he  
watched, his thoughts seemed to slip  
forward and further from his grasp until  
they reached the other side of the world.  
A little later, some one saw him lounge  
over toward the table, begin a sheepish  
search for a sheet of paper and disap-  
pear. After an hour, he was back with his  
Mother's Letter, all ready for the  
censor.

### First in Six Years

"It's the first time I've written her  
in six years," he said, just gruffly  
enough so no one should think he was  
settling soft. "I guess I won't let it go  
quite so long after this."

Many of the letters were written  
under difficulties—but they were writ-  
ten. At one point, a convoy docked at 5  
o'clock on the afternoon of Mother's  
Day, but there were all the ceremonies  
of medical inspection and what-not to  
be gone through with before the thou-  
sands of Yanks on board could put foot  
on land. The wireless, however, had told  
the approaching transports what cele-  
bration was in progress on shore and  
the first call through the megaphones  
was for more paper.

"We're all writing Mothers' Letters,"  
was the explanation, and they were  
doing just that, on every inch of spare  
the decks afforded. There was a great  
scramble then to secure up more paper,  
for in that case section all records had  
been broken before noon, by which time  
the orders were issued for Heaven's  
sake to tear sheets in half and write  
small.

### Precious Supply of Paper

The newcomers who could not land in  
time to join in the celebration were not  
more inaccessible than the caution driv-  
ers in the French service who are here,  
there and everywhere these days. From  
their headquarters, however, one truck  
set forth bright and early Sunday morn-  
ing, laden with writing paper, and as  
the driver would pass a brother camion  
on the way, he would hand out the  
precious supply.

Even scattered Americans in various  
regions of the French army—Poles  
and Bohemians, too, fighting their peo-  
ple's fight under the tricolor—wrote  
their Mothers' Letters with the rest of

## RANK NOT LOST IN SIDE TRIPS TO HOSPITALS

Story of Non-Coms Broken  
Through Being Wounded  
Sad, But Untrue

Some one with a keen sense of humor  
has been spreading through the A.E.F.  
a report that non-commissioned officers,  
when once they had been restored to  
fighting trim by the base hospital ex-  
perts, would then be shipped to the  
nearest replacement organization as pri-  
vates.

According to this version of the re-  
placement system, any non-com who was  
seriously enough wounded to be sent  
back to a base hospital would receive a  
nice wound chevron all right, but he  
would also be broken by way of reward.  
This mishap was not described as a pen-  
alty for being wounded, but simply as  
an unfortunate but inevitable conse-  
quence of the replacement system.

The only trouble with the story is  
that it is not true.

It is true that when a soldier is ad-  
mitted to a base hospital, he is auto-  
matically dropped from the rolls of his  
organization because it is impossible for  
any one to say just when he will be  
ready to go back again. But it is not  
true that he loses his rank in the process.

Foreseeing such a development of the  
system and to protect the non-com,  
G.I.Q. cabled to Washington this recom-  
mendation:

"Officers and soldiers admitted to hos-  
pital or missing will be transferred to the  
rolls of the replacement organization  
which they will join upon being evacu-  
ated from the hospital and from which  
they will be sent as replacements to em-  
bat and other organizations. Necessary  
at times, therefore, in receiving officers  
and soldiers from hospital and United  
States into replacement organizations, to  
have the replacement organizations over-  
strength in officers, non-commissioned  
officers and soldiers."

Continued on Page 2.

## NEW TINTED HATCORD BLOSSOMS IN A. E. F.

War Correspondents Will  
Wear Red and Green  
Insignia

You know, of course, who those guys  
are that wear Sam Browne belts—no,  
wait a minute, Captain; that isn't dis-  
respectful to officers at all—those guys  
who wear Sam Browne belts, plain bel-  
ts, collars without insignia and have the  
Cornell armbands on their left arms.  
Often as not the carry canes, too. Yes,  
you guessed it, they're war correspond-  
ents—that's what the "C" on their armbands  
stands for—correspondents. And now,  
added to their other fiery, verbal and  
otherwise, they've got their own over-  
seas caps.

Red and green they are—the red  
above the green. Appropriate? It's the  
latest war in appropriateness. For all  
the war correspondents over here are  
veterans, and widely read, and their  
wide-readiness (the typewriter almost  
slipped and made it "widely-read") has  
supplanted any vestige of greenness  
they may have had in times past when  
they were cubs and so-and-so—oh,  
make your own pun about it.

Red and green piping it is, in little  
narrow stripes around the edges of the  
headpiece. It is so fancy and looks so  
well that it almost causes the corre-  
spondents to lay off writing stories  
about the overseas cap.

## HUGE BROOKLYN DRYDOCK

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]  
NEW YORK, May 16.—A Brooklyn  
company is building a huge 33,000 ton  
drydock with a capacity able to take  
care of the world's largest ships.

This is only one instance of the en-  
largement of docking facilities in the  
port of New York, and of the expan-  
sion of the accommodations already  
available to care for the increased  
volume of traffic due to the war.

## ANYBODY GOT A JOB?

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]  
NEW YORK, May 16.—The fol-  
lowing notice stands a good show  
of appearing in the Baltimore  
papers:

**SITUATIONS WANTED—MALE**  
MILLIONAIRE seeks position  
with reliable firm. Any kind of  
work. Best of references. Dan,  
Bradstreet, etc. Address Must-  
toil, P.O. Box 711.

For the Maryland compulsory work  
law has caught its first millionaire.  
He must get a job in a week or the  
courts will wish one on him.

Other rich idlers who have  
camouflaged themselves as Liberty  
Bond salesmen are panic stricken  
by the Government's decree that  
the excuse will no longer work.

## CALL FOR MILKMAIDS GOES OUT IN STATES

Woman's Land Army Ap-  
peals for Overlaid  
Volunteers

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]  
NEW YORK, May 16.—The Woman's  
Land Army has sent out a hurry call  
for milkmaids.

It appears that too many cows about  
the United States threaten to go un-  
milked. So the dairymaids are urged to  
sign up and join up and draw up the  
milksteaks and registration papers.

They won't be issued uniforms of  
Watson dress, such as those in which  
poor Marie Antoinette used to play at  
dairymaid in the Petit Trianon at Ver-  
sailles. Rather, they are warned before  
hand that it's a job that calls not for  
silk stockings and high-heeled, gilt slip-  
pers, but for overalls and brogans.  
Even with these limitations, it is ex-  
pected that a large number of girls will  
enlist, forsaking the old occupation of  
extracting money from father for the  
fascinating new one of extracting lac-  
teal fluid from the cow.

## "DOUGHNUTS & PIE" AMERICA'S SLOGAN

Salvation Army Seeks Fund  
of \$2,000,000 to Aid  
Tummyaches

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]  
NEW YORK, May 16.—Doughnuts  
and pie for ever there is now the na-  
tional cry. It is the slogan of the  
Salvation Army's drive for a fund of  
\$2,000,000.

New York has subscribed \$100,000 of  
its quarter million quota in the first  
few days of the campaign. Thoughtful  
men are shuddering at the probable  
condition of our Army after eating that  
two million dollars' worth of pastry.

(Note by Editor.—Those thoughtful  
men had better stop shuddering and dig  
down.)  
There is nothing that leads so per-  
nicious an existence in America just now  
as the dollar bill. (Dollar, equivalent to  
5.79 francs, A.E.F. currency.—Diction-  
ary.) It is impossible to carry a single  
dollar bill a single block in any direc-  
tion between the Atlantic and Pacific  
oceans. If it escapes the Salvation  
Army, it will be caught on the next  
corner by war savings stamps sellers.  
Most of our Army after eating that  
two million dollars' worth of pastry  
and attack in unison. The dollar gasps  
and is no more.

Sparking of dollars, New York has  
rushed its figure past \$12,000,000 in the  
new thrift campaign.

## SUCCEEDS SENATOR STONE

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]  
NEW YORK, May 16.—Senator Gil-  
bert M. Hitchcock, of Omaha, Neb., has  
been chosen chairman of the Senate  
committee on Foreign Relations, to suc-  
ceed the late Senator William Joel  
Stone of Missouri.  
Senator Hitchcock has, on several im-  
portant occasions, been the Adminis-  
tration's spokesman, notably during the  
conduct of the Armed Neutrality Bill  
and the War Resolution through the  
Senate a year ago.

## WHEAT FORECAST THRILLS NATION; WEATHER HELPS

America and Allies to Profit  
from Tremendous Crop  
Now in Prospect

By J. W. MULLER  
American Staff Correspondent of THE STARS  
AND STRIPES

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]  
NEW YORK, May 16.—Prospects of  
a splendid wheat crop are thrilling all  
America. Government forecasts indi-  
cate that the yield of winter wheat will  
be 575,000,000 bushels, as against  
418,000,000 last year. If the forecast  
makes good, this will be the third  
largest winter wheat crop ever harvest-  
ed in this country. It means food—one  
of the millions of war—for America  
and her Allies.

Every one of the past few months has  
seen weather which has improved the  
condition of the crop, and with all cau-  
tion it seems reasonable to say that  
every chance now favors a tremendous  
yield. Many experts predict confidently  
that the crop will be 600,000,000 bushels.  
The country's wheat acreage has been  
enormously increased. The bumper crop  
of 1914 was raised on 400,000 acres less  
than this year's crop will be. The April  
improvement is the greatest on record.  
The biggest gain is in Kansas and  
Nebraska where the indicated crop will  
be 96,000,000 bushels, with every like-  
lihood that good weather will make it a  
hundred million bushels. Recent rains  
apparently assure the crop's safety in  
these States.

Spring wheat conditions, too, are ex-  
cellent with good rains over most of  
the spring wheat area. Newspaper re-  
ports state that our total wheat crop  
will be a billion bushels, and it must  
be admitted that a cold, sober analysis  
encourages the hope that the results  
will not fall far short of that figure, if  
at all.



## BRITAIN'S FAITH IN LLOYD GEORGE AGAIN EVIDENCED

Prime Minister Emerges  
Triumphant from Hot  
Commons Battle  
BEGAN LIFE AS POOR BOY

Career of Great Champion of People  
Reads Like Abraham  
Lincoln's Life

"FIGHT TO FINISH" ADVOCATE

Little Welshman Proved Worth Before  
War Called Him to Tremendous Duties

In the House of Commons, the little Welshman who is England's Prime Minister has just emerged triumphant after the latest open effort to dislodge him from the saddle of the Empire into which he vaulted some 18 months ago. By a smashing majority, the House voted down the motion to investigate by a select committee the charges of mismanagement brought against Lloyd George and Bonar Law by General Maurice, who made his allegations in the form of a letter to the newspapers. It was a vote of confidence. General Maurice has been relieved of command and placed upon retired pay. Lloyd George is still Prime Minister.

Into his grim, historic home in Downing Street are pouring countless cables, telegrams and letters from all the great capitals of the world (Berlin and Vienna excepted), and the burden of these messages is simply this: "Well done, Lloyd George."

None was more heartfelt than the cable of congratulations on his success in Parliament which came from M. Clemenceau, the Tiger of France, for in all the great capitals of the world (Berlin and Vienna excepted) the continuance in power of Lloyd George is read as fresh evidence of Britain's determination to see the war through to a Prussian defeat.

The people of the British Empire have faith in this leader of theirs because he is himself a man of the people and because, in the troubled years before the war, Lloyd George had established himself as the people's champion till his name was known in the world around and the heirs of the vast English estates trembled with fear and anger at the very sound of it.

Story Reads Like Lincoln's

He came of poor folks, desperately poor. His father had been a needy schoolmaster in Manchester, where the boy was born some 55 years ago, but after the father's death, he was brought up in Wales by his uncle, a shoemaker. Out of obscurity and poverty he rose by the fire that was in him as surely as did Lincoln, our own great commoner, whose words the Welshman studies and quotes in his great hours. The countless days which have been England's portion mean little to a man in whose home as a boy there had never been enough money to buy any meat at all, and where an egg of a Sunday was so rich a treat that young David and his brother must needs share one between them.

Such a youth prepared him for his role as the idol of the British democracy and when, in time, the key of the Empire's treasure chest was placed in his hands, he could face the workers who came to him for justice with more than mere sympathy. He knew how it was himself. "I was brought up in a workman's home," he would say, "and there is nothing you can tell me about the anxieties and worries of labor that I did not know for the first 20 years of my life."

No Respector of Tradition

So the minimum wage and the old age pension and the rights of the working man and the rights of the colored man were part of the gospel of Lloyd George when, through the churning of British politics, he became Chancellor of the Exchequer. He really meant it when he said "Britons never shall be slaves." Conservative England shook in its well polished boots. He was no respecter of tradition. He was no respecter of persons, especially dukes. When the House of Lords got in his way, he was enough of a cheerful heretic to suggest that the time had come for that august institution to be thrown on the scrapheap.

Lloyd George was the spokesman and the leader of that social revolution, with the threat and promise of which the Empire was tense in the years which just preceded the war. Those on whose side he fought and those who hoped that the revolution would prove a bloodless one, hailed him as the greatest of the age. "Prince of Wales," the others called him "that contemptible little Welsh attorney," and turned their backs on him at the club and hated him more than they hated any one else in all the world.

"If you, with a gift of prophecy, had gone to them in May 1914 and told them that within three years the contemptible little Welsh attorney would lead the Empire and that they would be proud to sit on the same platform with him, they would either have put you on in some London music hall as a bally humorist or locked you up as a dangerous lunatic. This is the story of Lloyd George, asked of them must be vital to the life of their country."

Holds People's Confidence

Yet it was just because the people trusted him that he was able to do so much for England when the great war came. Just as he could champion the rights of small nations with better grace because he had been hotly and bravely against England's cause in 1914, so he was just as able to lead the Empire to a fight with greater eloquence because he himself had been anything but a militarist in all his public life, so he could draw up a "limited profit, no strikes and no lock-out" compact with the workers, because they knew that anything their Lloyd George asked of them must be vital to the life of their country.

The war had been in full swing for more than two years before the explosion in the coalition cabinet blew the Welshman into the premiership. But to the casual observer, he had appeared to be in charge from the first. He was so sure that he could not help outshining those around him.

Lloyd George was Chancellor of the Exchequer when war was declared, and vowing that the last hundred million pounds would settle the matter, he piloted the Empire through the financial crisis of the first trying months. Then,

## NEW HOSPITAL TRAINS ARE DE LUXE AFFAIRS



One of the world's finest hospital trains

No "Hommes 40, Chevaux 8" for Army's Sick or Wounded

DOZEN ARE ALREADY IN USE

Traveling Cook Is Equal to Steak, Fried Potatoes, and—Yes—Prune Pie

If the author of that lingering—almost malingering—melody, "I Don't Want to Get Well," should happen to be a passenger on one of the new hospital trains now in use by the United States Army, the chances are that he would be inspired to write at least an additional stanza.

Picture your favorite train back home. There's that extra fare train plying between San Francisco and Portland, Ore.; there's the "Twentieth Century"; there are the lovely choo-choos that take you from Los Angeles to Chicago, or, if you prefer, from Chicago to Los Angeles; and the rivals that go from St. Paul to Chicago—and vice versa—are the trains. But none of them is more comfortable than our new hospital trains; and none of them is so utterly clean and sanitary. The trains—there are about a dozen of them already in use, and it is expected that the number will be doubled before long—were built for us in England. Each train costs about \$300,000. Sixteen cars make up a train. Nine of them are regular sleepers, with 36 berths each.

In the day time, for patients able to sit up, the lower berths can be transformed into settees. There are contrivances for tobacco, receptacles for clothing and toilet articles, lavatories, water containers—everything you can think of.

## BACK TO THE FRONT IN TIME FOR SCRAP

Trio of Yanks Go A.W.O.L. and Beat Way to the Firing Line

When the good stories illustrating the character of the American fighting man are gathered together, one of them will be the tale of three Yanks who went A.W.O.L., beat their way several hundred miles, eluded all traps set to catch unauthorized travelers, and joined their outfit in time to get into the bonny fight at Seichamps.

They had been wounded earlier and were convalescing in a hospital far from the front when they heard that their regiment, after a period of rest, had gone back in the line. Almost at the same time they were released from the hospital and started on the way to a replacement depot.

They didn't like the idea. They didn't want to go to a depot and fool around and possibly get sent to an outfit they knew nothing of. They wanted to join their bunkies in the line.

Transfer to Freight Train

So they coolly transferred to a gentle freight train headed in the direction of the front and rode it until it stopped. When they got off they were still a hundred miles from the American sector. By help of friendly truck drivers and six pairs of sturdy kicks they managed to get to American C.H.Q.

The old "trick" of playing the freight trains took them 40 miles further to the town in which they had trained. There they learned exactly where their outfit was. How they made the remaining 40 miles through the network of sentries that guard the approach to the battle line, they and Heaven only know. But they did it. How they gained their subsistence throughout the trip would make another tale. No matter—they arrived fit for duty. Before any troublesome questions could be asked about their papers, the Boches came over to see the company. It was the party they had come to get into, and they went into it with joy in their hearts.

The facts came out after the fight.

as Minister of Munitions, he turned England into an arsenal.

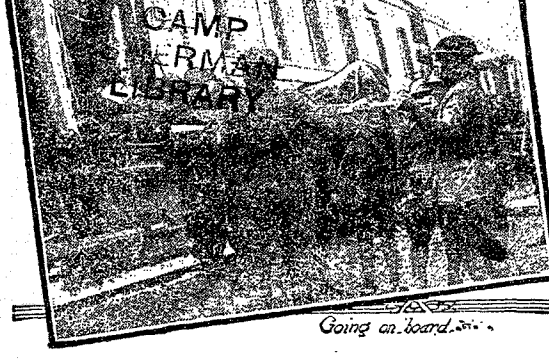
He who had been the friend of labor since his first day in politics became the greatest single employer of labor the world had ever known. Finally, when K. of K. was lost at sea, Lloyd George succeeded him as Secretary of State for War, and it was from that post that he stepped, just before Christmas in 1916, to the head of the Cabinet.

Master of Oratory and Wit

Throughout all this period, his speeches were electrifying, for like Wilson and Clemenceau—like any man who would really lead a nation—Lloyd George is a master orator, and that, too, in a tongue he had to learn as a foreign language. His wit flashes. His shots are rapid, well-aimed, pulverizing. No heavy artillery he, but a machine gun turned with devastating effect on all who oppose him in debate. The short, sharp word is Lloyd George's ammunition, and all he says—like all that his colleague in France says—comes down to this: "Fight to a finish."

"The Prussian Junker is the road hog of Europe." Thus Lloyd George. "Small nationalities in his way are flung to the road side, bleeding and broken; women and children thrust under the wheel of his cruel car, Britain ordered out of the road. All I can say is this: If the old British spirit is alive in British hearts, that hull will be torn from his seat. He thinks we can't beat him. It will not be easy. It will be a long job. It will be a terrible war. In the end we shall march through this terror in triumph."

"It took England 20 years to defeat Napoleon and the first 15 of those years were black with defeat. It will not take 20 years to win this war, but whatever time is required, it will be done."



Going on board...

There is a lot of other things that, unless you see them, you wouldn't believe they'd have on a train.

There is, for example, a car split up into compartments for the segregation and treatment of infectious cases. There is a pharmacy car, with everything the biggest pharmacy in your home town has, excepting, of course, a soda fountain and a city directory. There is a telephone system, so that one doctor in Car 1 may communicate at once with another in Car 15.

There is a compartment devoted to dressings; there's an emergency operating room, in the event that an operation must be made en route; there's a room where special diets are served; there is an officers' car, with its mess room; a staff car, for three medical officers and three nurses; a supply car; a personnel car, for the crew of 32 men; AND—as beautiful a sight as has been witnessed in these parts—a kitchen car, with a bunch of regular stoves and perhaps the best, if not the darkest, cook that ever presided over the diner between Atlanta, Ga., and Birmingham, Ala.

The day this account was written he was cooking some steak and fried potatoes. Hard by these were—the very pen waters to write it—five of the daintiest, crispiest, squashest, juiciest, toothsome, delectablest prune pies ever seen or tasted in France, Texas, New Hampshire, or any other hemisphere. In short, they were good pies. A piece of that pie would be worth at least a couple of cushy wounds.

Each car has electric lights and fans, and is steam heated. The train has every convenience and luxury that the Pullmans at home have; and two in addition: You don't have to tip the porters; and the cars are not named Midway, or Athabascilla—they are numbered.

One can almost hear the boys, as the train pulls out, singing, "When That Midnight Choo-choo Leaves for A.P.O. 927."

## FROM ONE OF 'EM

They're goin' to call me "Sammy"—My Gawd, what have I did? Why don't they make it "Ferdinand" or "Cutie dear" or "Kid"? I wonder for dat handle Just who I got to tink? Why don't they call me "Sammy" stuff. And stick to good old "Yank?" Now, dere's a name I fall for, It's big and strong and frank, Yo, dere's a sound at's got some stuff. A good, loud-bellowed "YANK!" I'll bet some Sewin' Circle Or some newspaper crank Wished dat dere "Sammy" on me. Hell! Why don't they call me "Yank?" F. A. M., Jr.

## THE WORLD'S FAIR

Men from six different nooks on this globe of ours formed the audience that heard an American regimental band play ragtime the other afternoon in a village within range of the Germans' big guns. The band took up its station in front of a butcher shop. Italian, French and American soldiers swarmed in when the musicians began tuning up. The first strains brought three English Tommies and a laboring detachment from India with tall white turbans hustling up the road to see what it was all about. Presently they straggled into the scene twenty or more olive-hued Annamites from the Far East.

"Look at 'em," said an artilleryman, "now wouldn't you think you was at the world's fair?"

## THIS AIR SQUADRON HAS ITS OWN PAPER

"The Flyer" Is Gotten Out Entirely by Hand, Too

"The Flyer" is its name, and it's a hummer. It is the official organ of the Aero Squadron. It lives up to all the established rules of journalism by writing on only one side of the paper—for it is penciled, not printed, and its pictures are drawn right on the living sheet, instead of being reproduced. Its editor, Robert H. Fitzgerald, is better known under the title of "Mooney Mingles," and he hails from Lawrenceburg, Ind. Whether Mooney's departure was the one thing that made Indiana, in a fit of the sulks, go dry, is still a debatable question; but Indiana can't be blamed if she did, for "The Flyer" was formerly "The 101 Weekly" of the burg of Lawrenceburg.

Unlike the Hoosier commonwealth at present writing, there is nothing dry about "The Flyer." It is enterprising enough to have a puzzle department, a comic column headed by a picture of a line leering clown, and—shades of border days!—a representation of the justly famed Texas cactus.

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## FAREWELL MESSAGE GOES TO HIS MOTHER

Dying Yankee Soldier Finds  
Good Angel in French  
Hospital

An American soldier lay badly wounded in a French hospital. He was dying, and he knew it, and he wanted to write a last letter to his mother back home in the States.

He was one of several Americans who had been carried a few days ago to this hospital where every one was French from the chief of the surgeons to the youngest of the nurses and the least of the orderlies. Most expert had been the treatment and most tender the care these boys of ours had received, but here was one of them calling for some countryman of his by whom he could transmit his farewell message home.

Frenchwoman Comes Forward

There were no English on the premises and the only Americans were those comrades of his who could not help. There was a hurried canvass of the hospital. Finally a Frenchwoman came forward who said she felt sure she could speak and write the wounded boy's tongue well enough to serve him. Like her father, she had spent some years of study in America, and like him she had mastered its idiom and its accent.

She was soon cheering the boy with the friendly sound of English words, and a little later those in the ward saw her settled at the side of the cot, bending forward from time to time to catch the phrases of this Mother's Letter which would not wait till Mother's Day.

The boy died, but not before he had finished the letter. It is now on its way home. And some day some one will tell the mother that the woman who set down the last message from her son in France was the daughter of Georges Clemenceau, Premier of the French Republic.

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FRIDAY, MAY 17, 1918.

### ALL AMERICA IS BACK OF YOU

Twenty-two million of our folks back home—each one of every five of the total population of the country—bought bonds of the Third Liberty Loan.

That means that 1,000,000 more people became bondholders in this issue than did so in the second loan. But it means far more than that. It means that the American people have tellingly and concretely put the proof before the world that this is "their war."

Let us see: For census purposes a "family" is put down as five people. With one person out of every five in this loan, what do we have? Every family in the United States represented—every family in the nation back of us to the limit with its savings and earnings, bearing active and concrete testimony to its faith in the A. E. F., to its devotion to the Cause for which the A. E. F. has taken the field.

It was not easy for many of those families to put aside \$50 or \$100 or more at this particular time. For a goodly number it meant real hardship, real privation. But they did it, and they did it gladly, exultingly, because of their faith in America, because of their faith in you!

### THE LONG, LONG TRAIL

There were times, in the ample leisure of our journey from America to France, when we enjoyed the transport crews, and there were times when we did not. A lot depended, for instance, on the weather. We enjoyed watching them work; we picked up snatches of their lingo and made it part and parcel of our own Army slang talk; we found among them fellows who had known Bill Jones and Joe Robinson for years, just as we had.

Then we landed, and so many things began to happen, and have kept on happening, that the Navy and its men have perhaps almost gone out of our minds—have become half a memory, half an anticipation.

They got us over, but their task has not stopped there. They are keeping us going. Food, clothes, shoes, etc., being it all. Remember, when that long-awaited letter from home finally reaches your hands, that, in order to get it to you, blue-uniformed lads took long jumps at floating targets (and smashed them), faced Atlantic gales in a pitching fore-cast, and scanned the waste of ocean, with unflinching and unflinching vigilance, for signs of the Hun water rat.

### FRAT PINS AND BRASS TACKS

The visitor's look had space for "Occupation in Civil Life," "College," "Fraternity or Club," "It was thick with 'Banker,' 'Journalist,' 'Bond Salesman,' 'Insurance Agent,' 'Doctor,' 'Public Work,' 'Y. M. C. A.,' 'Hotel,' 'Lawyer,' 'Manufacturer,' and 'Merchant' with 'Yak,' 'Ohio State,' 'Sewage,' 'Pardner,' 'Beekley' and 'Washington' with 'Bota Theta Pi,' 'D. K. E.,' 'Charter,' 'Campus,' 'Psi U,' 'Sigma Nu,' 'Gorgon Head' and 'Soll and Serpent.' It was thick with everything.

On and on the observer read, through a dreary waste of forgotten occupations, a deal of college and university titles and a deal of secret, mystic symbolism. Suddenly, out of the fog and miasma of all that mass there stood out these words:

"Occupation: SOLDIER."

"College: UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY."

"Fraternity or Club: NONE."

Written in a good, clear, round hand, they quite eclipsed the more ornate descriptions of self with which the page was cluttered. The looked businesslike. They looked democratic. They looked real.

### OUR ALLY, RUSSIA

We call it Darkest Russia because we cannot see into it. The rest of the world has usually been hopelessly at sea about Russia, and the present day is no exception. If now you think of that great, floundering country as out of the war, you are making a grotesque mistake.

It is true that Russia has sagged and collapsed as a belligerent. It is true that that collapse released for use against the Allies on the Western front a mass of troops and guns. But even now Russia is keeping a million of the enemy busy.

It is not at all fantastic to say there is still a Russian front 3,000 kilometers long. Five hundred thousand German soldiers and about that many Austrians are at present engaged in the staggering task of arranging a mere part of Russia to the taste and needs of Potsdam and Vienna. And the beauty of it is that they are not doing it—that that million is not enough, nowhere near enough.

Just as there ceased to be in Russia a strong enough central government to keep her bargain with us, so there is none now strong enough toicker directly with the

Hun. He will get all he gets by force, and to extract from Russia all the cereals and other riches he desperately needs, he would come pretty near having to station one armed German on guard over each Russian peasant—a disposition of troops not altogether practical.

Don't imagine for a moment that the Hun is happy in the land that was quite too much for the Romanoffs.

### PRIVATE GAUGLER TO THE BAR

We are in receipt of the following letter from Ord. Sgt. Laura W. Holland, A. P. O. 717:

"In the May 2nd issue of THE STARS AND STRIPES in column 1 on page 5, under the caption 'The Army's Poets,' there appears a poem, 'The Hill Back Home,' credited to Pvt. Clarence W. Gaugler, Q. M. C.

"I do not want to put any one of due credit, but the verse referred to was written and published in the States early last summer by a woman, though I do not recall the name, and entitled 'An Afternoon on a Hill.' The only difference is the word 'quiet' in the third line, which was originally 'kind.' The poem was reviewed in a July or August issue of The Literary Digest as an example of a poem written at that time and not inspired by the war and this was where I saw it. And in writing a friend back in the States I quoted it in a letter during the latter part of September."

It should be added, by way of further evidence in the case of the A.E.F. vs. Pvt. Gaugler, defendant, that when he sent in this singularly beautiful poem (not only signed with his own name, but with the explicit statement that he had "composed" it), it bore the title "One Afternoon on the Hill." That title was changed in this office in the belief that "The Hill Back Home" lent to the exquisite imagery of the poem some color of the war.

It would seem from this *prima facie* evidence, Pvt. Gaugler, that, unlike your accuser, you are not one of those who "do not want to rob any one of due credit." What have you to say to the charge that you are a thief?

### "SOUVENIRS FOR SUSIE"

Don't go hunting "souvenirs for Susie" when you next go up front. If you do, you are more than likely to deprive Susie of the only souvenir she really wants to have you bring back from the war—namely, yourself.

"During the recent battle of Seicheprey, the Germans, in addition to mining the village before they were driven out, scattered helmets, bayonets, belts and other equipment about longingly, counting on the fondness of American soldiers for souvenirs. Each was attached by a wire to high explosives, and a few American soldiers, eager for keepsakes, were wounded in this fashion."

The quotation is from the report of a news agency correspondent who was up there when it happened, who saw, and who knew. Souvenir-snapping is one of the Boche's favorite little dirty tricks. A word to the wise—

### THE EXILE'S NEWSPAPER

A gentle reader whose home is within a brisk ten minutes' walk of the Place de la Concorde writes us in this vein:

"I have lived in Paris for ten years because my husband's business is here and I am sick with my hunger for a sight of Battery Park and Times Square. I have found your paper more like a message from home than any thing I hear these days. The headlines are as American as Chicago or baseball or Fred Stone. I chuckle at the very sight of them and my husband cannot understand why because he is a Frenchman."

"I read every word in every story because the voice of THE STARS AND STRIPES has the Yankee twang and it does me good to hear it. And once in a while a phrase or a word, which you use unconsciously, but which I have not heard these many years, conjures up a picture of the places I used to know and I read on with a mist in my eyes. Somehow I feel as if the Atlantic were not quite so wide since you started to publish."

This letter quite warmed the editorial heart. Here is a newspaper planned solely for the pleasure of the men in this great expedition, but we soon learned that it had a cordial public back home and we are finding out that it has its welcome in the American colonies of London, Paris and the like. It is relished by those far flung exiles of the United States, little outposts of home where there are many who are true blue Americans as honestly homesick as ourselves. We enjoy our work the more when we know that they enjoy it, too.

### ONE LANGUAGE

German-language newspapers in the United States were always an anachronism. In time of war they are an insult to the sovereignty of the United States. We note with unfeigned delight that during the past few weeks quite a number of them ceased publication and that in many towns their sale has been prohibited by the local authorities.

The English language was used by Washington in his Farewell Address, by Lincoln in his Gettysburg Address and Second Inaugural, by Wilson in his War Message and—let no German forget—in his Third Liberty Loan speech on "force to the utmost." English would seem to be pretty well established as the language of the United States of America. And since it is the language of the United States, it behooves all those who call themselves citizens of the United States to carry on their dealings and gain their information through its medium.

### PASSPORTS

Under the terms of a Bill which has just passed the House of Representatives, the President has full power to put restrictions on arrival and departure facilities in American ports.

The Bill deserves to pass. When it does, we hope to see a few restrictions put upon the departure for France of people who have not, as an earnest of what they are departing for, the necessary guns on their shoulders and the equally necessary packs on their backs.

## Today in Homeburg

YOUR Father got up this morning and came down stairs, going out on the porch first to secure the morning paper from the city before Johnny, who can never quite beat his old man down unless there's a quarrel on the side in it, got there to devour the sporting page and the Boy Scout notes. Before your Father ate a thing, he went over that front page at a rush, to see how things stood with you over here. Then he took a look at the inside, to be sure he hadn't missed anything about the war. Thus reassured and fortified, he sat down to breakfast.

Father doesn't monopolize the paper at breakfast any more. Your Mother demands it as soon as he comes to the table, and goes through the war news with the same avidity as your Father. There's a little catch in her throat as she glances the headline "American Troops Beat Back Attack," and her hand trembles a bit as she pours out the coffee for your Father. Then she goes over the story below that headline, taking in every word, and then reads it again—silently.

She pictures you in that repulse, in that fight, and no wonder it makes her quiver a bit. But, being the best sport in the world, she makes a lot of satisfaction in reading that it was a successful repulse, that the Boche got worse than they gave, and that the line is all right. Still, she doesn't have very much to say at breakfast these days. And your Father says even less. It's thinking, too—and, since he knows your Mother's thinking the same thing he doesn't talk about it.

WELL, Father goes along down street to open up the store, he doesn't take the paper along with him as he used to—he leaves it for Mother, who, after the youngsters have been gotten out of bed and fed and tidied up and sent off to school, will exercise a great deal of restraint and actually put off her trip to market, or her sweeping of the living room, or her morning's sewing, to sit down and digest that news thoroughly.

It isn't a hardship for Father, for he takes another paper, nowadays, down at the store. He isn't smoking cigars now until after dinner—so as to send you a few more smokes—and he is cutting down in lots of ways to help the youngsters (although they're really earning a lot themselves after school) to acquire bonds and thrift stamps and things. But that extra paper he must have. He doesn't call it a luxury. He simply can't get along without it. "Looks better for us, eh?" he says to Will Levington, when Will comes in and peeks off his coat preparatory to tackling the day's work. "The paper says they were snatched back in good shape, and the French general said our lads were the stuff when it came to doing it. I wonder —"

But Father doesn't finish that sentence. You know mighty well what he's wondering. So does Will. And Will, having a lot more to do than you ever gave him credit for, discreetly shuts up.

WELL, old Mrs. Jones comes in to make some purchases. Mrs. Jones hasn't heard from her Jim this week for some reason or other, and asks your Father if he's heard from you recently. Father says yes, he has about a week ago. You were all right and well and said you had good things to eat and that the weather was getting better and that one of your pals had just been awarded his chevrons and that it pleased you. "Sound as if they were all pretty happy and well off," he tells the old lady; and oh! how she beams with relief! That letter of yours, you see, has done some good. It's a missionary work, under your Dad's handling.

"Remember me to the boy when you write to him, won't you?" says Mrs. Jones, on parting. "I'd write him myself, only I know they're all so busy I don't think it's fair for people they don't know real well to write to them, as if they were expecting an answer. My, I can remember when he was a little fellow, playing with my Jimmy up in the apple orchard on Condon's lot! I do hope I hear from Jimmy in a day or two."

"Let us know when you do," your Father tells her. "We're always glad to hear from Jimmy."

Mrs. Jones goes out; but other people come in, all morning long. And there isn't a one of them but seeks out Father and asks the same question. "Well, how's the boy? What do you hear from him?"

At dinner, when your Father goes home to dinner, there is a big news: A letter, in a much-buffed and grimy envelope, written in pencil by a fellow named "Light" from "You." Kid Sister is tugging at your Mother's skirts, dancing up and down and demanding, "Read it now, Muvver!" And your Mother—well, you just ought to see how flushed and pleased and happy she looks as she runs to the door on hearing your Father's familiar ring.

Johnny forgets all about the row he had with the new teacher, to listen open-mouthed to your Mother's reading of it—rather, her tenth re-reading of it. Your Father doesn't say much, but he's just as open-mouthed as Johnny. And when Aunt Mattie calls up on the phone—Aunt Mattie was always calling up about dinner time, you remember—and driving your Mother nearly frantic by so doing—why, your Father just lets his dinner grow cold while he tells her all about the letter.

THE streets of Homeburg look a lot pleasanter and "springier" to your Father as he walks back to work in the early afternoon. The people seem so much kinder, so much less grumpy, when they're in the mood. They all ask the same questions that the others asked when they came into the store in the morning: "What's the good word from the boy?" And when your Father says, "We just got a letter today, and everything's fine," they all smile, as pleased as can be. They want to know all about you, they're interested in you because they like you, and like your Father and Mother. They're every one of them your friends.

The chances are that, on the day that that letter arrives, your Father is a bit late in getting back in the afternoon. So many have been topped him on street corners, and he has been so willing to share his news with them, that it's a wonder he gets back to the store when he does. Old Dr. Squires, who added materially in bringing you into the world, is among the first to inquire. Deacon Jenkins, yes, the crabbled old Deacon who was the main man when you were a youngster, when he catches you, and your gang, coming out in his barn—wants to know how you are and what you are doing! So it goes, all the afternoon long.

YOU can imagine the evening. When the Adamses come over to sit on your porch in the new "daylight-saver" twilight that people are just beginning to enjoy, you're the first person for whom they inquire, and the last thing they say is, "And do be sure to give him our best." Other neighbors drop in, too, and every one of them leaves a message for you, and says nice things about you. And when the last of them have gone, and the youngsters have been sent to bed, with their prayers heard and their feet washed and everything, your Father and Mother just sit out there for about an hour later than they usually do, not saying much but resting mightily happily, feeling mightily at peace with the world—thinking about you.

Great little old town, Homeburg. Full of nice, neighborly folks—every one of them a friend of yours. And they're helping your Father and Mother more than you, over here, can realize. They keep cheering you on, and urge you, to keep in the hopeful frame of mind against the day of your coming back. And what a day that will be for Homeburg!

## A PERFECT DAY (a la Hun) —By WALLGREN



### "HEAD UP! CHIN IN!"

BY A PRIVATE

"They" laid down "the position of the soldier" in the I.D.R. because, after taking into account the experiences of all armies, that turned out to be the easiest position in which a man could stand—and look like a man as he stood forth in fair length of time.

Head up, chin in, stomach drawn in, arms hanging naturally by the sides but with the shoulders well back and the chest out, weight distributed evenly on both feet—everybody knows how it ought to be done. And there isn't anything finer to be seen on land or sea than "the position of the soldier" when it's done right.

"They" didn't lay it down simply to make us look just so. "They" laid it down because it was the most hygienic position they could figure out.

It gives the chest room to expand itself and breathe in. It puts the stomach right where it belongs—out of sight. It distributes the weight evenly on both feet, so that neither one gets tired or lumpy or anything from doing more than its fair share of the work. In short, it makes "a place for everything and everything in its place."

The elements of "the position of the soldier" are supposed to be kept up all the time, particularly as far as the front-of-the-waist-portion of the soldier's anatomy is concerned. When they are so kept up, they make everything the soldier does seem a lot easier.

A man with a chestful of air can outmarch, outfight, outlive every day a man who hasn't got a chestful of it. A man who keeps his stomach where it belongs, by keeping his diaphragm in place, very seldom has any internal trouble.

A man whose shoulders are well braced by constant keeping-in-place finds his pack easier to carry, for there is something there to resist the pack's load, some foundation of muscle to keep it from sagging.

"Keep your eyes off the ground, your head up and your chin in—and keep them that way all the time you're in France," is what a certain division commander told a greenhorn at inspection one day.

The general didn't give that command for the sake of military pose; he gave it for a good psychological reason. A man who looks everything square in the eye, with his head up and his chin in, is not going to be fooled, is not going to be caught off his guard, is not going to get roadside on the hike.

The only way to "get that way" is to reinforce the eyes, the head and chin by constant practice in keeping "the position of the soldier."

### A FIELD NOTE BOOK

SAM BROWNE NEW STYLE

Necessity is the mother of a new use for the Sam Browne belt. When a regiment gets into the Z. of A., officers have to cut down their baggage allowance to the same basis as explorers making a dash for the North Pole. Under these circumstances, old-timers have learned that a Sam Browne belt can be turned to good advantage as a razor strap.

### THE RETORT COURTEOUS

Scene: A roadside in France, Doughboy on a bank beside it, munching hardbread. Mess sergeant passes, upper right.

Mess Sergeant: What you thinking about, Bill?

Doughboy: What I'm goin' to buy after this war's over.

Mess Sergeant: Have you made up your mind yet?

Doughboy: Pretty near. I think it will be a restaurant.

Exit mess sergeant, lower left.

CURTAIN

### WELL?

"Here's what I wanta know."

"All right, Ah, whatta you wanta know?"

"If you get wounded, you get a stripe on your right arm?"

"That's a fact."

"Well, whatta you goin' to do if your right arm gets shot off?"

### CHEVRONS AND CHEVRONS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

In a recent issue of THE STARS AND STRIPES, mention was made of a coming change in the design of the Overseas cap, due in part, according to the article, to the articles and letters criticizing the cap which appeared from time to time in the above mentioned official news medium of the A.E.F.

If the Overseas cap is to be shorn of its embarrassingly humorous lines because of the notoriety which it attained in your columns, it is possible that, by directing your attention to some of the incongruities of service and wound stripes and the regulations pertaining to them, the powers-that-be will reverse judgment on some of the points involved.

First, the design of the new chevrons: The regulations declare that the angle formed by the sides of the chevron shall be 50 degrees. If there is any grace or artistic quality attached to an angle of 90 degrees, the supporters of such a theory are few, for in all the arguments that I have heard not a soul has dared to vouch for the design of the chevron. Try it yourself. Draw a chevron with the 50 degree angle and then another with an angle of 90 degrees, the one necessary for forming an equilateral triangle. Look at them and decide for yourself which pleases.

So much for the design. An article in our paper stated recently that all the trouble over who's who in the service chevron line had been settled by the War Department with the decision that every enlisted man and officer of the U.S. forces serving in France or England would be entitled to wear the chevron.

I am aware of the argument that has for its basis the theory that the man who is checking up corned willy on a dock is doing just as much to win the war as the chap with a rifle on the fire step. Yes, surely; but it is also well to remember that the chap in front leads for the time that he is there, an existence as uncertain as that of a candle flame in an open window. A puff may blow it out at any moment.

I don't suppose that suggestions are welcome, but it is a poor criticism that isn't followed by a suggested remedy. Hence, it would be fair if the gold service chevrons were allowed to stand for service anywhere on this side of the Atlantic. In addition, let us have a silver chevron of identical pattern

for every three months' actual service in the zone of fire.

The computation of such time would be easy for a company clerk, and you have my word for it that every man in the A.E.F. would be everlastingly proud of a chevron which it would be impossible to obtain except by serving a total of 90 days in the zone where "life is sweet but uncertain."

As to wound chevrons, one part of the regulations states that not more than one wound chevron may be worn for more than one wound incurred in one day, a fair rule providing it is supposed to apply to a number of wounds received almost instantaneously, say from a burst of shrapnel. But there are instances where such a ruling proves to be unfair.

A private in the — Infantry recently was received at a dressing station during the morning with a rifle wound through the fleshy part of his arm. He had it bandaged and returned to his squad. Before noon he was at the dressing station again, with his nose shattered and a scalp wound, both due to shrapnel. He insisted and was allowed to return to the line. Before night he was brought in with a severe shrapnel wound through his side.

A man such as that deserves three wound chevrons—deserves more than three wound chevrons. He deserves a chevron that shall denote his ability to stay in the game long enough to be wounded three times.

It is suggested that in such instances, when a man has been wounded on more than one occasion during a day, the usual wound chevron be awarded, but with silver diamonds superimposed and symmetrically arranged on the gold braid, showing the number of wounds incurred.

[The regulations governing the wound chevron state that not more than one chevron will be worn for two or more wounds received at the same time.] The word "time" has been wrongly interpreted by the writer of the above letter to mean "day." In our opinion, the private whose case is cited is entitled to three chevrons—one for the first wound, a second for the next two wounds (which were received at the same time), a third for the third wound. He would have them if we had the power to award them, anyway. And we feel sure that those who have that power will interpret the regulation in just the same way.—Editor.]

Comp. CHAS. F. LANQUETTE, Tr. Hq., — Am. Tr.

### IF YOU'VE BEEN GASSED

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Kindly advise the writer or state, in your next edition whether or not a soldier who has been gassed in action is entitled to a wound stripe. Is gassing under the heading of slight wounds? I see names I know are those of men who have been gassed appearing under the wounded heading.

READER.

["Disability by gas necessitating treatment by medical officer shall be considered to be a wound." That is the wording of the regulation governing the wearing of the wound chevron.—Editor.]

## THE ARMY'S POETS

## THE A.B.C. OF THE A.E.F.

When I first signed up in the Army  
Way back in Nineteen Three,  
It wasn't filled with the alphabet  
From A to X, Y, Z.

The Colonel was still the Colonel,  
And Majors were Majors, too,  
And when the Skipper signed Captain,  
There was no added P.D.Q.

But when they sent us Overseas  
To try our hand at the Hun,  
They started to use odd letters  
For everything under the Sun.

G.O.C.S. Twenty-three  
Tells how to send our mail  
To sisters, wives and sweethearts  
When other methods fail.

Both the D. G. T. and the R.T.O.  
See that there are no slips,  
And hand it over to the D.A.T.S.,  
Who puts it on his ships.

They sent us up to A.P.O.  
Number one hundred and nine,  
Where the damned M.P. of the A.P.M.  
Put us to bed on time.

When our beans are hard and our coffee  
Cold,  
Which, of course, should not be so,  
We boldly curse the P.Q.M.,  
And gently our own C.O.

Not long ago the R.S.M.  
Said to the Company Cook:  
"What's the use of the I.D.R?  
I think it's a hell of a book."

"It tells you this, it tells you that,  
And to do this and so,  
Then everything is modified  
By the weekly W.D.G.O.

"Years before I joined the Infantry,  
I spent many days in school,  
Where I was taught my A.B.C.'s,  
And that Napoleon was no fool.

"I know he won a battle,  
He may have won a war,  
But I don't see how he P.I.O.  
Without our G.H.Q. G. 4."

The A.G. of the A.E.F.  
And the A.G.S.O.S.  
Spent many hours on a new S.O.  
Telling how the A.P.C. should dress.

They must not wear the S.B.B.  
And puttees made of leather,  
Nor can they don the T.B.C.  
In any kind of weather.

The other day I sure was sick,  
I felt like an S.O.L.,  
So I went across to the old A.S.  
And asked him What the Hell.

He examined me up, he examined me  
down,  
He poked till I couldn't see,  
Then in a fatherly way suggested  
That I call on the G.R.B.

The C.O.O. and H.Q.C.  
Started an officers' mess,  
But it all fell through, for the C.O.U.  
Wouldn't dine with the C.G.S.

Then the P.M.G. and the C.A.S.  
Tried to make the matter gey,  
But they save it up in a day or two,  
For they quarreled with the D.M.T.

The A.D.S. then took a hand,  
And said he'd make it go,  
But he reckoned without the W.R.I.  
And the girls of the C.S.O.

So the little B.O. and the D.C.F.,  
Who'd refused to join with them,  
Started an excellent mess of their own  
With the help of the C.Q.M.

The Chaplain and the A.D.C.  
Called on the F.A.M.,  
But all were wary of a game of stud,  
So they had no time for them.

They went on down to the A.R.C.,  
In the hospital by the river,  
There to find an N.C.O. and an R.A.N.  
Just starting out in a Flivver.

They immediately asked the cruel I.G.,  
As well as the loyal J.A.:  
"We want this man C.M. at once,  
And fined to lose his pay."

"But that won't do," the J.A. said,  
And confirmed by the cruel I.G.:  
"For the R.A.N. and the N.C.O.  
Must live as well as we."

"Just as you say," said the Religious  
One;

"I suppose they must have their go,  
But I'm going to tell the U.S.R.  
And later the B.L.O."

The C.G. called his Orderly,  
And said with a wicked grin:  
"If the C.E. comes around tonight,  
Don't dare to let him in."

"For I know he'll ask for a new R.R.  
Or a fence for the old R.S.,  
And as I know damn little about it,  
I don't want to have to confess."

The S.G.S. and the greasy K.P.  
Stopped in at the Y.M.C.A.  
The secretary, with a welcome smile,  
Asked what they'd have today.

"We have eggs and we have coffee,  
Or perhaps some cheese will do,  
And if you say you'll come again,  
We may find some ham for you."

"No, thank you," said the S.G.S.  
As he thought of the F.C.R.  
"Let's go up to the Officers' Club,  
Where at least they have a bar."

The R.T.C. they found there,  
As well as the A.S.S.,  
And the C.O.S. and B.K.,  
Engaged in a game of chess.

A noisy kid from the Q.M.C.  
Asked for permission to tell  
Of money made and money saved  
Through McAdoo's T.L.L.

Then a gay young chap from the F.A.B.  
With the D.S.M. on his blouse,  
Wandered in with wonderful tales  
Of the girls at the Hostess House.

They talked of this, they talked of that,  
Of German drives and the O.S. hat,  
And whether the newly arrived C.O.  
Would let them continue their M.N. show.

"It is a hard, a cruel war,"  
Said heroes still untried,  
"But we'll have to make the best of it—  
It's the only way we've got."

"Carry on," the O.D. ordered,  
As he smoothed his W.C.  
"Each of you to your little bed,  
And leave this place to me."

Thus sadly ends the alphabet  
With which we go to battle,  
But tell me how they missed B.R.—  
Which, of course, means Baby's Rattle.  
J. W. S.

## PUZZLE—FIND THE GLOOM



Gloom? It can't be done. Yes, that  
is a hospital in the background, but  
what of it? And the party in the fore-  
ground is a patient. The Hun put him  
on sick call, but a Yankee girl nurse  
bandaged his leg and gave him a copy

of THE STARS AND STRIPES, so he  
should worry. Modesty forbids our  
stating whether it is the nurse,  
paper, or the soothing ointment on his  
doche-inflicted Charlie horse that is  
making him smile.

VETERAN LEGIONARY  
WANTS TO GO BACK

Christy Charles Keen for  
Trenches After Three  
Years of It

## RELIEVED BY AMERICANS

Yanks' Arrival in Toul Sector Saw  
Withdrawal of Veteran  
Machine Gunner

"I want to go back to the trenches,"  
he writes. And he means it.

You might think that Christy Charles,  
who put in over three years as a ma-  
chine gunner in the French Foreign leg-  
ion, coming over in August, 1914, and  
taking part in the big shows of Cham-  
pagne, 1915; the Somme, 1916; the  
Aisne, 1917, to say nothing of having  
been among the defenders of Verdun for  
two long periods when things were hot-  
test there—you might think, if you did-  
n't read his letter, that Christy Charles  
couldn't be blamed for being a bit fed up  
on war. Not so; he likes it, and in a  
recent letter to a friend he makes his  
liking quite plain.

"I want to go back to the trenches,"  
he repeats. "I was anxious to get away  
when I left, and I never thought I would  
feel as I do now. It may be very hard  
for some people to understand, but any-  
one who has had a few years' service  
out there could imagine the feeling."  
A few years' service, eh? Yes,  
quite a few; for Charles went right into  
the early trenches, which weren't the  
comfortable trenches they are today by  
a long shot. His preliminary training  
was only about six weeks long. With  
the other Americans in the Foreign  
Legion he helped hold the lines before  
Cromelle in Champagne early in the  
autumn of 1914; and there were no  
leaves for any of the outfit until the  
following July. In fact, he has been  
in the thick of it from that day right  
up to the time the Americans went in  
north of Toul last winter, when he came  
out of that sector with the Zouaves and  
Legionnaires that make up the Moroccan  
division—relieved, as it happened, by  
his own countrymen.

## Younger Brother Drafted

Hearing that his younger brother,  
René, had been drafted into a machine  
gun company of the National Army,  
Christy asked to be transferred to the  
American forces, so as to be in with  
him.

Inasmuch as his brother was not yet  
in France, he requested, in common  
with a number of other Legionnaires of  
technical experience, to be transferred  
to the American engineers, hoping at a  
later date to go back to his old trade  
of machine gun plying in company with  
"the youngster."

He has been doing his work hard and  
well at a certain engineering headquar-  
ters, his experience in warfare standing  
him in good stead. But his former  
turns in the trenches only serve to re-  
call to him what he is missing; for—to  
get back to get his letter—he says he  
isn't going to wait for his brother any  
longer. He writes:

## Restless to Think of It

"It has made me restless to think of  
all the fun out there I am sitting  
here. The men I am working under  
have been more than kind to me, but  
... in the trenches ... the sun always  
shines as I look back.

"We all know life is not any too sweet  
out there, but it seems I was brought up  
in those trenches, for in them I passed  
from a wild kid into almost a man, and  
I feel as I had lost my best friend  
when I left. We are all anxious to get  
away from danger, once we have gone  
through it, but after we have been away  
for a while there comes a longing to go  
back, and I can assure you the feeling  
is very strong.

"You may think it's only a change of  
ideas, but look at Dr. — who was  
with us in the beginning. He got a  
nasty wound during the Champagne  
affair and was glad to go back home, but  
after a certain time he got a longing for  
the old excitement and today is back  
in the trenches, happy and content.  
Dr. — and the other boys are the same  
way.

"Tell the boys back home that if they  
want to see real life, try the doughboy's  
game, and then they will be able to go  
back home with a light heart, ready to  
prove that they have done their bit at  
a real man's game."

GENERAL GREETED  
BY BOYHOOD SCHOOL

Seventy-Two from Institu-  
tion Now in France or  
on the Way

An American general has just received  
a letter from the school children of  
Bloomington, Ill., where he received his  
early education. The letter follows:

"In this time of great stress and trial  
our children of Irving School wish to  
send a message of encouragement and  
appreciation. Please accept it with all  
the gladness of their little hearts.

"Only the older ones were permitted  
to sign these papers, much to my regret,  
for I felt even an ugly little scrawl from  
every child would be dear to you and the  
men, in realization that it was an eager  
effort to express gratitude and love. And  
then, too, they would have felt so  
pleased and honored in doing it. One  
soldier has written home that of all the  
letters he received, the ones from the  
children were the most precious, and  
kept his heart brave and strong and his  
resolve firm to endure unto the end.

"That these little ones of the kinder-  
garten and primary might voice their  
greetings, too, your picture was shown  
them and they were told to raise their  
right hands. If they wished to join in  
sending love and thanks to their very  
own general and all the other brave men  
'over there' who were fighting for their  
safety and happiness and the protection  
of all little children of the world. Every  
hand went up. So Irving School chil-  
dren, 523 enrolled, are 100 per cent  
loyal and want you to know it.

"The National Council of Defense is  
about to institute a 'loyalty' campaign,  
and as Irving School has thus taken the  
initiative, we lead. Seventy-two of our  
boys are now in France or on the way."

Attached to the letter were the Easter  
greetings of the children, addressed to  
"all the brave men in France and else-  
where who are fighting not alone for  
our safety and happiness but for the  
protection of all little children of the  
world, we send our love and thanks."

## HIS HANDICAP

Charley was Italian in origin. On the  
evening of payday Charley happened to  
find a little cafe where, even though it  
was in France, they happened to know  
how to cook macaroni, and where they  
actually had a real bottle of Chianti.

So Charley sat there, in the seventh  
heaven of delight, until the corporal of  
the guard came in at 8 o'clock—which  
is Z. of A. closing time—and shoed  
everybody out. Obediently he went out-  
side. But once outside he was much  
distressed to discover, through gazing in  
at the window, that the corporal of the  
guard, far from obeying his own orders,  
was sitting within before the fireplace,  
casily chatting with Madame and her  
buxom daughter, Jeanne.

Charley made his way back to the bil-  
let, with madness in his eye. At seeing  
him in so hell-ose a mood, his bunkie  
asked him:

"What's the matter, Charley? Did you  
hear the war was going to be over and  
you're sore about it?"

"No," snapped Charley. "Da dammada  
caporala—da dammada caporala—he no  
playa fair—he no playa fair—he cheat—  
he cheat—"

"OH, HELL! I wish I coulda speekada  
'Eenglish!'"

When a man's gaze wanders around  
while he is supposed to be standing at  
attention, he isn't necessarily engaged  
in studying the beautiful French land-  
scape. He may be in love or he may be  
a recruit or he may be a plain fool.



WHEN Uncle Sam faced  
the problem of erecting  
hundreds of buildings for  
the Army Cantonments  
in the United States al-  
most overnight, he re-  
quired a strong, durable,  
water-proof, weather-  
proof roofing that could  
be quickly laid. So we  
sold him hundreds of  
thousands of rolls of

Barrett's  
EVERLASTIC  
"RUBBER"  
ROOFING

EVERLASTIC "Rubber" Roof-  
ing is our most popular "rubber"  
roofing and is made of the very  
best grade of waterproofed felt.  
It is light in weight, easy to  
handle, and, wherever this char-  
acter of roofing is desired, you  
cannot make a better selection  
than EVERLASTIC.

EVERLASTIC comes in one-,  
two- and three-ply weights, each  
roll containing enough to cover  
100 square feet of roof. Nails  
and cement packed in each roll.

The Barrett Company  
OF AMERICA

## FOR OFFICERS ONLY

When you go back to the States—  
Whoa, whoa, WHOA! Not so fast!  
When we were going to say was this:  
When you officers go back to the States  
for duty, don't fail to report in person  
to the commanding general at your port  
of embarkation.

According to a War Department cable-  
gram of recent date, all officers return-  
ing to the United States in future will  
report in that way, in addition to mak-  
ing the report to the Adjutant General  
of the Army, as provided in previous  
general order. The cablegram's dictum,  
here given, has been sent out under a  
new general order.

## HIGH FINANCE

Corporal Bilkins had arrived in  
France after a few days in England.

"How much money have you got  
left?" asked Corporal Wilkins.  
"Well, I've got four shillings, a quid,  
two farthings, nine pennies, a franc,  
half a pound, four sous and 50 centimes,  
but I've only got two dollars in cash."

## MAPS FOR ALL FRONTS

Plans, Guides, Aeronautic  
Maps for American Officers  
and Soldiers.

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Dunkirk, Epervier, Epinal, Fécamp, Havre, La Rochelle, Limoges, Marseilles,  
Nancy, Nantes, Nice, Orleans, Rennes, Rochfort, Rouen, Saint-Denis, Saint-Malo,  
Toulon, Tours, Trouville, Troyes, Vanves, Versailles, Vitry-le-François, Bourges,  
Clermont-Ferrand, Isodun, Nevers, Saint-Raphael, Vierzon.

Come and Play at  
Aix-les-Bains, Chambéry, Challes-les-Eaux.

Right up in the heart of the French Alps—the beautiful spots where tourists have enjoyed  
themselves for years. When you get your leave, plan to come here.  
Lake Bourget is here too. And the magnificent Savoy Country is all about it. It is a most  
charming locality in a wonderful land.

You can enjoy yourself at any of the  
usual out-of-door sports at a popular re-  
sort, and you can rest.

Band and Orchestra Concerts are given  
in the famous constructed Grand Cercle  
Casino and Gardens.

Better Vaudeville has not been put on  
during the war. American, English, and  
French artists from the best theaters in  
the largest cities are here to entertain  
you.

A splendid staff of American ladies  
are assisting in making it the most  
pleasant place in France for you  
to recuperate, rest, or spend your Mil-  
itary Vacation.

Operated for all Members of the  
American Expeditionary Force.

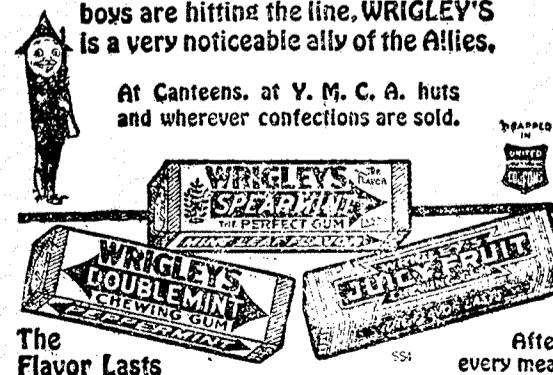


The use of WRIGLEY'S  
by the fighting men has  
created much comment  
in war correspondence.

Even before American soldiers  
and sailors landed, the British,  
Canadian and French forces had  
adopted WRIGLEY'S as their war-  
time sweetmeat.

And now that Uncle Sam's stalwart  
boys are hitting the line, WRIGLEY'S  
is a very noticeable ally of the Allies.

At Canteens, at Y. M. C. A. huts  
and wherever confections are sold.



The  
Flavor Lasts

After  
every meal

In days of old we used to read  
At noon, while sipping our café  
And waiting for our stack of sheets:  
"Wet Grounds; No Game Today."

## MANY YANKEE NINES BATTING 'EM AROUND

Springtime Baseball Drive  
Finds A.E.F. Units  
in Ranks

## LOTS OF ENGINEER TEAMS

One Company of Redlegs Registers  
Its Eighth Victory  
in a Row

There's only one way to explain it—  
It must be spring. A few months, even  
a few weeks ago, they were trying to  
keep their teeth from chattering when  
they answered roll-call, and were crowd-  
ing around the old Nashville wood-burner  
so thick every night that the heat  
couldn't get around the Adrian if it  
wanted to. And now—

Here are some of the scores.

### Gully Street Not in Lineup

Companies A and B, 1st Battalion,  
defeated Companies C and D, 2nd Bat-  
talion, both Engineers, by a score  
of 11 to 2 in a six-inning game that  
would have gone longer if it hadn't  
been for this. The defeated team's  
case is that Gully Street, formerly of  
the Washington Senators, was unable  
to play. Zick, formerly of the Uni-  
versity of Wisconsin team, pitched for  
the winners.

### Motor Transport Group Series

One of the four teams comprising the  
Motor Transport Group has advanced  
its schedule by two more victories—  
8 to 7 over its nearest rival, and 11 to  
7 over the team next in order. The  
league standing is now: First Co., won  
three, lost none; Second Co., won one,  
lost one; Third Co., won none, lost one;  
Fourth Co., won none, lost two.

### Engineers Get Lone Tally

Mechanical Repair Shop Unit—de-  
feated—Engineers 3 to 1 before a  
large crowd. The Engineers were unable  
to fathom the delivery of Payne, for-  
mer White Sox recruit, who was ably  
assisted by his battery-mate, Lefty  
Stoudt. The winners have a few open-  
dates. Address Sgt. H. J. Revells,  
A.P.O. 708.

### Eighth Victory in Row

Company F, Engineers, won its  
eighth straight game by defeating Com-  
pany B of the same regiment. Company  
F started off with three runs in the  
first inning and put the game on ice in  
the fifth by getting eight tallies.

### Medics Make Opening Game

Hospital Train and a detachment  
of the Engineers opened their season  
by a game which the former won 11  
to 5. Both teams put up a good showing,  
and are anxious for more.

### Gasoline Cavalry Loses

The Engineers and Motor Truck  
Company—played an interesting game  
which the former won, 5 to 4. The gaso-  
line cavalrymen are not downhearted  
and are anxious for more.

### Engineers Blow Up in Sixth

The Flying Bluejackets admit that  
their 9 to 2 victory over the Engi-  
neers was one of the greatest ball  
games played in France. It was an  
even match for five innings, but in the  
sixth the Bluejackets came through  
with six runs.

### Fight All the Way Through

Twenty-seven runs were scored in  
the game between the Headquarters  
Troop and the Mobile Ordnance Repair  
Shop, but it was a close game for all  
that. The Headquarters Troop scored  
14 of them. They are anxious to take  
on other teams in the vicinity of A.P.O.  
710. Address Corp. Henry N. Lawler,  
manager.

### Insurance Men Win Again

The War Risk Insurance team took  
another pre-season game which it de-  
feated the I.G.T. nine to 6. Clean field-  
ing marked the contest. The winners  
played errorless ball and the losers had  
only a single black mark against them.

### Hospital Nine Beats Canadians

Base Hospital—defeated the  
Canadian Hospital by a score of 8 to 4.  
The winners lay claim to the champion-  
ship of northern France, acquired last  
year, and in this their first game of the  
1918 season kept up the good work  
They had 12 hits to the Canadians' four.

### Base Hospitals Have It Out

Two Base Hospital nines met in a  
drizzle that did not prevent snappy  
play and—best of all—no rain. The  
know which one won. Lumen of Dart-  
mouth, Wilbur and Goss of Syracuse,  
and Baird of the Central Association  
were in the lineup.

### MIKE DONLIN COMING OVER

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]  
NEW YORK, May 16.—Mike Donlin  
is going to France as a soldier instruc-  
tor in baseball.

Whether Christy Mathewson is going  
along, too, is not definitely known. It  
is learned, however, that Big Six has  
been conferring with Y.M.C.A. officials  
in Washington and has expressed his  
willingness to go to France if the trip  
is advisable.

It is not thought that Harry Her-  
mann of the Cincinnati club would  
stand in the way of Mathewson's de-  
sires. Whether Donlin's intended trip leaves  
Marty out in the cold is not known.  
Speaking of baseball and soldiers,  
Grover Cleveland Alexander is now a  
rookie at Camp Funston, Kan.

### BANTAM ASPIRANT OUT

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]  
NEW YORK, May 16.—Dick Loadman  
of Lockport, N. Y., knocked out the St.  
Paul claimant, the bantam title, Johnny  
Ertie, in the third round of a sched-  
uled ten round go at Milwaukee.

Loadman flourished in the first two  
rounds, specializing on Johnny's broad  
base. In the third, he put a stiff right  
to the body and followed it with a blow  
to the jaw that sent Johnny west for  
a considerable period.

At Philadelphia, Fatsy Cline of New  
York defeated Young Joe Borrelli of  
Philadelphia in a six round go.

### BARNEY OLDFIELD IN BIG RACE

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]  
NEW YORK, May 16.—Barney Old-  
field will drive in the \$30,000 harness  
handicap at Sheepshead Bay May 30.  
Louis Chevrolet and Ira Vail are con-  
sidered in the 100-mile event.

## NO WILLARD-FULTON FIGHT



[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, May 16.—There will be  
no Willard-Fulton fight on July 4. To  
put it mildly, it is extremely doubtful  
if there will be a Willard-Fulton fight  
while the war lasts.

Colonel Miller has thrown up the  
sponge, and as Colonel Miller has been  
making frantic efforts to get the bout  
staged in 48 States and then some, he  
wouldn't give up unless he knew what  
he was about.

Shady wanted the fight in the first  
place, outside of Colonel Miller and  
Willard and Fulton and a few others.  
On top of that, Fulton is alleged to  
have made some unkind remarks about  
the champion and the big fellow, be-  
coming peeved, told the aspirant to his  
crown that he couldn't play in his back  
yard and that he would have to wait  
before he got a chance to grab off the  
title. Fulton is supposed to have said  
that the fight would be a short one and

that he would be watching his opponent  
counted out.

For some time past there has been  
considerable unfavorable editorial com-  
ment against the staging of the battle.  
The climax, the famous double  
play between the governors of North  
and South Carolina was dumped into  
the discard, when three western gov-  
ernors supplanted it with a triple play,  
the governor of Nevada saying to the  
governor of New Mexico, who in turn  
played to the executive of Colorado.

"Keep them moving. If they want to  
fight, let them go to France."

That helped to put the kibosh on the  
match, especially in the way of getting  
some real money, as it left only Minne-  
apolis in the field with a fair-sized bid.  
And to add to the uncertainty of this  
bid, it was feared that the Minnesota  
legislature might take some action  
against the holding the match in the  
Gopher State.

## BASEBALL IN EUROPE AFTER WAR IS WON

American Promoters Will  
Attempt to Establish  
Pastime Here

Special Correspondence of THE STARS  
AND STRIPES

LONDON, May 16.—American prom-  
oters will try to establish professional  
baseball in Europe as soon as the war  
is won.

One New York sport promoter of con-  
siderable financial power has arranged  
for playing fields for a four-club league  
in big English cities, intending to bring  
over the most noted big leaguers of the  
year, whatever that year may be. Fancy  
salaries will be paid, comparing with  
those of 1915, when the Reds had forced  
the ball player's stipend up to dizzy heights.

But the backers of this league believe  
it's a good gamble. If baseball is to be  
a success in England, it will be success-  
ful in a big way and probably can be  
extended to France, Belgium and Spain.

Howard Becker, of San Francisco, boss  
of the Anglo-American soldiers' and  
sailors' league, believes that this sum-  
mer's exhibitions will show the skeptics  
of British what kind of a game baseball  
is, and he even hopes that before the  
season is over there will be English  
clubs in the field. He is an optimist.

Hooker knows much about the sporting  
tastes of various European nations. He  
promoted fights and roller-skating ex-  
hibitions in England, France, Belgium and  
Germany before the war. Knowing the  
sport of sports, the French like to play  
and see played, he believes that they  
will fall for baseball.

## STAR SHELLS

A BALLADE OF THE TRI-COLORED  
POLE, GONE BUT NOT  
FORGOTTEN.

The things that I miss while in France  
Are not very many, I'll say—  
For instance, I don't miss the dance  
Which kept me long hours from the  
hay;

For girls whom I left far behind  
Trite tears through my whiskers don't  
roll—  
But bunkie, here's what's on my mind:  
I do miss that barber-shop pole!

The knight of the razor who rants  
Is here, and I meet him each day.  
But Yankee lads haven't a chance  
When with a French coiffeur they  
play.

Oh, for towels hot have a pined  
With all of the strength of my soul,  
But serviettes chaudes I don't find—  
Nor do I the barber-shop pole!

I don't miss the doctor who lanced  
My throat on the seventh of May.  
Nor him who where'er I advanced  
When I went a courting of Fay.  
I don't miss the papers I signed,  
Nor the man who delivered the coal—  
Of all the lies that should bind,  
I miss but the barber-shop pole!

LENOVOI.

Barbers, take a tip and enhance  
The place where I daily must toll—  
Let's have, in this land of romance,  
The tri-colored barber-shop pole.

Among other sporting events of the  
past week, it is noted that Lord Derby  
has joined the French Jockey Club.  
What more appropriate organization,  
Myrtle, should he enter?

AIN'T IT?

I like the lass of fair Lorraine,  
Who writes, in language clean, to me:  
"On Sunday, should it do not rain,  
I want that you should come to tea."

Yes, Algeria, we too, should be able  
to answer the question involved were we  
to hear the House of Hohenzollern sing-  
ing, "Where Do We Go From Here?"

## SOLDIER OR SAILOR? SPEAK UP, MARINE!

Leathernecks Will Have to  
Show Colors at London  
Game

## ARMY AND NAVY TO MEET

Tomorrow's Battle First Gun in  
Anglo-American Baseball  
Season

By GEORGE T. BYE  
London Staff Correspondent of THE STARS  
AND STRIPES

LONDON, May 16.—A very awkward  
situation has arisen for our hefty Ma-  
rines in England. Paraphrasing a musty  
old ballad one might chant to them,  
"Next to your own selves, who do you  
love?" By next Saturday they have to  
make up their minds which they prefer  
—Army or Navy. Lamping the two to-  
gether, of course, the Marines would  
short, "Chut, chut!" But they have to  
take pick, and by next Saturday.

The opening game of the Anglo-  
American Baseball League on that day,  
May 18, is to be between the A.E.F.  
Base Section and the U.S. Navy Head-  
quarters. It was to have been between  
the Ay-e-e-fers and a Canadian team,  
but the enterprising manager of the  
league, wishing to swell receipts for the  
British Red Cross Society, decided there  
would be more sensation in a season-  
opener between the Army and the Navy  
of the U.S.A., and made the change,  
which is announced in flamboyant pos-  
ters all over London. Admiral Sims  
will pitch the first ball.

### Some Battle Coming

Goodness, how they are going to bat-  
tle Saturday! And goodness, what cries  
will go up at the Arsenal grounds where  
the terrible contest is to be seen—hair-  
raising cries, bean-couraging cries.  
"Chut, I dread to be there, but I must  
be there on the spot!" THE STARS  
AND STRIPES dare say that the  
good English people who attend will  
think we Yanks have never got over  
our horrid Indian ways.

And whom are the Marines going to  
cheer? Some of them are detailed at  
the base section here, and A.E.F. reg-  
iments in England; some are at Navy  
Headquarters and at Navy bases. They  
haven't made up their minds yet, but  
there is a r-r-reckoning going on, be-  
lieve-v-v-e much. They're comparing  
notes as to the numbers of times they  
have been insulted on board ship by  
some snip of a stuffed-out sea swab,  
and the number of times that monkey-  
eared doughboys have been rude to  
them when they were on police duty in  
France.

I wonder what would happen if they'd  
turn out and jeer both sides!

### Big Stuff—Nothing Doing

I went to Lieutenant Blakesley at  
Navy Headquarters to ask for the Navy  
lineup. He is athletic manager for our  
spit-skirted fighters here. "Have you  
the Army lineup?" he demanded. I  
had not. "Sorry, but I can't give ours  
out yet," he said quite firmly. I went  
to Lieutenant Mims at A.E.F. Base  
Section and asked for the Army lineup.  
"Have you the Navy lineup?" he de-  
manded. And he could do nothing for  
me. Oh, there's blood up for this game!

The Anglo-American Baseball League  
is now established with eight teams,  
four American and four Canadian. A  
schedule will be adhered to whenever  
possible. There will be these teams to  
the league:

A.E.F. Base Section, Taplow Canadians,  
U. S. Navy Head- Epsom Canadians,  
quarters, Can. Pay Record  
Office.  
Air Service No. 1, Ontario Hospital.  
The league is being financed by H. H.  
Luskens, of E. L. du Pont de Nemours  
& Co., Newton, Crane, attorney; Wil-  
liam Cross Vacuum Oil Company; Mr.  
Foster, of the O-Cedar Mop Co.; Robert  
Grant, Jr. and Higginson & Co.—all  
Americans.

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best quality Oxford and Zephyr deans, light  
and heavy weight.

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Send Banknotes by Registered Post,  
or Cheque on Bankers.

Robinson & Cleaver  
156-168 Regent St. LONDON, W.1.  
England

## FORT SLOCUM NINE SHUTS OUT C. C. N. Y.

Yale Applies Brush to Har-  
vard—Naval Reserves  
Trim Princeton

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]  
NEW YORK, May 16.—Fort Slocum  
soldiers beat the College of the City of  
New York 11 to 0 in baseball. The Slo-  
cumites have so far rolled up 50 runs  
against their opponents and their  
record reads like a football season.

Cornell beat Columbia 5 to 4. It was  
Cornell's third victory over the New  
Yorkers this spring.

Yale shut out Harvard, 5 to 0, in  
easy style in their first meeting of the  
season. Harvard made but two hits and  
only one man reached second. Yale bat-  
ters connected for ten safeties.

Other college results are: Newport  
Naval Reserve 3, Princeton 2; Annapolis  
18, Georgetown 0; Crescents 6, West  
Point 3; Pennsylvania 3, Cornell 2;  
Williams 6, Springfield 1; Rutgers 4,  
Colgate 2; Boston College 3, Dartmouth  
1.

## PENNSY DEFEATS YALE TWICE

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]  
NEW YORK, May 16.—The Penn var-  
sity and freshmen crews both beat Yale  
on the Schuylkill course. The varsity  
won by five lengths on the Henley  
course of a mile and five-sixteenths in  
6:45 1-5. The freshmen spurred to vic-  
tory in 7:14.

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accustomed at home, from our  
Paris and London agents.

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qualities of FASTEP should  
render it invaluable in  
trench life.

Unsurpassable for Burning,  
Swollen, Tired or Aching Feet

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E. FOUGERA & CO. Inc., 50, Broadway St., New York.

## AMERICAN OFFICERS & MEN Greetings!

May you have the best of luck in France.  
The Allies cannot think you sufficiently  
tough. To posterity may be left the  
full appreciation of your service and vic-  
torious sacrifice. When your leave permits  
a visit to London, you may wish to have  
a copy of seeing you. We are right in the center  
of everything, and we will be glad to give  
you the opinion of the Allies and service of the  
Allies.

## ELYSEE RESTAURANT, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus.

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7 à 11 Rue de Castiglione  
(Tuilleries)  
PARIS

## TOURS IN FRANCE

Chateaux of Touraine, Southern Brittany,  
Mountains of Auvergne and the Pyrenees.

For all information regarding stays in these regions while on leave, American  
officers and soldiers may address the agency of the Company, 16, Boulevard des  
Capucines, Paris (near the Opera). Ask for our free illustrated booklet,  
"America's Way to the War in France," which the Company has just published.

## What Kind Of Language Do You Use?

Is it polished, forceful, and does it  
exactly express your meaning—does it  
stamp you as a person of refinement and  
standing in the world? Or is it  
slopped, ungrammatical and ineffec-  
tive? "Good English is good business."  
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immensely successful. Has perfected an  
original, practical, Postal Course in  
Good English for busy people who are  
willing to devote at least 15 minutes  
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## SAFETY RAZOR

No Stropping—No Honing

### Gillette U.S. Service Set

UNITED STATES War Service. Regulations require a Shaving Outfit—and the  
soldier and sailor must provide his own razor.

The new Gillette U.S. Service Set is the Shaving Outfit that fulfills every need of  
Uncle Sam's Boys.

It is constructed with a metal case—built to withstand the roughest handling. An  
Indestructible Mirror fits snugly in the lid of case. Thumb latches for securing the  
mirror for use regardless of surroundings are included.

We kept in mind the Gillette principle and the necessity of compactness. Size  
complete 4in. long, 1 1/2 in. wide, 3/4 in. thick. Slips into the breast pocket of the  
coat or shirt—takes up no room in the soldier's kit or the sailor's ditty box.  
Regular Gillette blades used with this set.

No Stropping—No Honing, always sanitary, no cutting or scraping of skin—  
no risk of infection. This is the razor that every fighting man needs, to be per-  
manently equipped for shaving satisfaction.

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PACKETS of new Gillette Blades—each Blade wrapped in oiled paper enclosed in  
sanitary envelope—bright, smooth, sharp and clean, can be obtained at all  
dealers in France, England, Russia, Italy, Canada and all other parts of the world.  
Gillette Safety Razor Company, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

To be had at A.E.F. & Y.M.C.A. Canteens  
or at all Dealers in France.

## GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR, S.A., 17bis Rue La Boétie, PARIS

# IMAGINE PULLING CIVILIAN BUNK LIKE THIS!



—By WALLGREN

## Helpful Hints

No. 14—ALWAYS WRITE YOUR TRENCH LETTERS ON A TYPE-WRITER

TAKE THIS DICTATION MISS—IM NOT VERY FAST ON A TYPE WRITER!

PUBLIC TRENCH STENOGRAPHER

VERY WELL, SIR!

NEXT!

HERE, MAJE, HAVE A SEGAR! YOU SHORE MAKE A HIT WITH ME—WHATTA YA SAY ABOUT MAKIN' ME A CORPORAL OR SOMETHING, HEY, OLE SCOUT?

FORMER O—WARD KEEPER

SERVICE STRIPES

CAMP LIBRA

JUST IMAGINE WHAT A HIT A BUCK PRIVATE WOULD MAKE IF HE WERE ALLOWED TO WEAR ANYTHING HE WANTED (BEG OR BOGROW) AS HE DID IN CIVIL LIFE

AND JUST IMAGINE, IF PROMOTIONS WERE WORKED LIKE POLITICS

MOST SOLDIERS HAVE THE COMMON FAILING OF WRITING IN PENCIL OR INK ON VERY ORDINARY PAPER AS SOON AS THEY HIT THE TRENCHES—THIS METHOD OF CORRESPONDING IS VERY INCORRECT AND OBSOLETE. ALWAYS TYPE YOUR LETTERS ON EMBOSSED LINEN PAPER—(EVEN HIRING A PUBLIC STENOGRAPHER IF NECESSARY), AND YOU WILL SOON SEE WHAT A DIFFERENT IMPRESSION YOUR LETTERS MAKE ON THE PEOPLE AT HOME.

## TRENCHES TOO SMALL FOR HUSKY SERGEANT

Two Pairs of O.D. Trousers at Once Needed to Clothe Him

## BLOCKS DUGOUT ENTRANCE

Flying Wedge Has to Shove Giant Inside When Boche Begins to Shell

But for the risk of starting a controversy, it might be said that Q.M. Sergeant Pat Grealy is the biggest man in the Marine Corps. Without being statistical, it may be cited that the government never yet has issued clothing large enough for him—that when he gets new O.D.s, for instance, he draws two pairs of trousers and has a tailor convert them into one pair, and that he always has to buy an extra yard or two of cloth to fill out the back of his blouse.

For two or three decades Sergeant Grealy fought Filipinos, Boxer uprisers and saffron revolutionists between the Tropics of Capricorn and Cancer. He was always valuable because of his strength. Old timers vouch for the story that one time in the Philippines, when a mule burdened with a whole side of beef fell and broke its leg, Sergeant Grealy himself carried the meat six miles and saved his company from a meatless day in the jungles.

It wasn't until Sergeant Grealy got to dodging Boche shells, though, that he and his fellow fighters realized how big he is. It was found that he didn't fit into the present system of trench warfare at all.

Subway Jam All by Himself

The first time an alert was sounded after his company got up front he started into a dugout and got stuck in the entrance. It took a former football star and six men to drive him through, and they had to enlarge the entrance before he could get out again.

Sergeant Grealy was put on a ration party carrying food from the cook house to the trenches. He was particularly valuable because he could put four marmite cans on a stick, throw the stick over his shoulder and walk off with the load. Only he couldn't get through the communication trenches. These they enlarged. A squad of marines was widening one one night when a French officer appeared and demanded to know the cause of the digging.

"Just enlarge it so our ration party can get through," explained a corporal. Just then Sergeant Grealy passed with his four marmite cans. The French officer was surprised and showed it. It is the custom for two men to carry one or two cans.

"That was the ration party," explained the corporal.

Long Cramped for Space

When Sergeant Grealy was 16 he began to get cramped for space. He had to duck his head every time he went through a doorway. So he joined Uncle Sam's fighting forces and lived in a tent. He was thinking of retiring when the European war started. After the outbreak he stayed in the service because he thought the United States might get in. When it did he announced that he wouldn't retire until the war was over.

Then, he says, he is going home and get acquainted with his family. His oldest daughter is 18. He has seen her only four or five times in his life. When his second child, a son, was born, he was in the Orient and he didn't see him until the boy was four years old. And he hasn't seen his latest born yet.

## GOODBYE, PHOEBE

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.)

NEW YORK, May 16.—

Miss Phoebe Snow

Has got to go—

For McAdoo has ordered so;

Her costume white

No more well light

Upon the Road of Anthracite.

This pity, sad—

Yet not so bad

To do away with railroad ad;

For some we might

Call fables quite—

Upon the Road of Anthracite.

The scenery

We used to see

Within the pamphlets' panoply,

No more will sway

Our hearts to stray

In sunny Callow-lows.

The Government

On rule is bent

Of every road: the sums they've spent

On ads aglow

They now must blow

On other folks than Phoebe Snow!

## ETIQUETTE TALKS FOR DOUGHBOYS

Hike Manners

By BRAN MASH

Now that the season is pretty well advanced along toward summer, and owing to the influx of pleasure-and-business-seeking Teutonic visitors from the north, the chances are that walking, or "hiking," one of the French country-side will come more and more in favor among the athletically inclined younger set of the A.E.F. The chances are, too, that the exclusive Infantry contingents will not have altogether a monopoly of this engrossing pastime, but that all grades and all arms of the service will have a chance to engage in it.

As hikes have been time-honored social events among the best armies of all times, a certain ceremonial usage has grown up in connection with them. This usage should be carefully studied by all those who desire to show by their behavior that they know the correct thing when they see it, even if they don't practice it themselves.

Give It to an Officer

To begin with: If you are all fagged out and your tongue is hanging out of your mouth like a pug-dog's ear, do a hard run, never pass on your pack to be carried by another enlisted man. Insist that if anybody relieves you of it, that anybody be a commissioned officer—preferably, the officer who is setting the pace. About ten minutes of keeping up the pace with your pack on his back will cause him to slow down. Thus the whole column will be benefited, and you will win the thanks of every polite soul in the outfit.

When the officer hands you back your pack, do not search in the corners of it to see whether he has saved you the cigarettes or chocolate you put there. At least do him the courtesy of waiting till he's way up the line before you start your search. Even if you find some are missing, do not upbraid him publicly before the entire command. Put it down to plain loss, just as you would if it were your own.

Put Them at Their Ease

The minute the "Route Order" command is given, start to sing "Home, Boys, Home," laying particular emphasis on the verse about "The commissioned officers, they are," etc. This puts the officers, who feel a bit disgruntled because of the small size of the baggage they are allowed to take, entirely up to their eyes in the proper attitude of welcome to the party—and, if they are not sure of their welcome, they are likely to turn around and go back. In that case, you would have to turn around and go back too; and all that hike would be gone over for nothing.

If a halt comes in a town of any size, do not make a break for the nearest eat-shop. That is distinctly bad form; and the things you might collect at the eat-shop would be more than detrimental to your walking form, if you collected too many of them. Take your pack and go on the right hand side of the road, get your feet up off the ground if you can, roll one, and cuss. A man who does not cuss on a hike shows that he is no true Christian gentleman.

If an officer comes up and asks you, "Well, how are you standing?" He to him. He expects it. If you tell him the truth—that you aren't standing it at all and that you'd much rather be back in billets, he will never invite you to go on another one of his personally conducted walking tours. And you know you couldn't stand that sort of social ostracism under any conditions.

Although Joe Tinker, former infielder of the Chicago Cubs, has been in baseball for over 16 years, he still takes an active part in the game. He is in much better shape right now than he was a year ago, when he carried a lot of extra weight. He expects to get back into the play occasionally this year with the Columbus, Ohio, club, which he is managing.

Hughie Jennings is lasting a long time as leader of the Detroit Tigers, this being his 12th year. Hughie, who is 48 years old, is still as active as ever out on the coaching lines. He has been in baseball for over a quarter of a century. In winter he puts in his time practicing law and should be comfortably fixed by this time. In his time Jennings was one of the leading shortstops in the business.

Binga Diamond, the negro short distance runner, who helped place the Illinois University track teams up in front for several years, is now a first lieutenant in the Illinois colored infantry. Back in 1916 Diamond won the 440-yard dash at the Conference meet in the world's record time of 47.35 seconds. Ted Meredith has made the same time a week before at the Intercollegiate.

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## SERGEANT MISS—YES, THAT'S RIGHT

Expert Riflewoman Grace M. Brown Sends Her Best Wishes

Sergeant Grace M. Brown—No, that isn't a misprint. How could there possibly be a misprint in a newspaper that is proofread half a dozen times by a first class English private? Well, to go on—

Sergeant Grace M. Brown writes as follows:

Wait a minute. It is only fair to state that Sergeant Grace is not in France at this printing. She would like to be. She is a non-com in the Shepard Women's Rifle Club, of Boston, Mass., and she writes as follows: "We girls are ready and willing for the call to help these precious souls over there in every way we can. We are straight United States through and through. May God's richest blessing rest upon you. I am praying for all our precious boys over there."

"I thank God for such brave men as you. What a grand homecoming there will be for you! And you brave men are going to win."

"Your little Sergeant in Arms, "GRACE M. BROWN."

Here's betting at any odds you care to name that Sergeant Grace is going to get two or three burgulonds of letters a week for the duration of the war.

THEY SOMETIMES DO

"And now, Brother," said the Visiting Parson to the Y.M. man who was an ex-parson but who had a sense of humor for all that, "and now, Brother, tell me, are these lads aware of the Presence of God?"

"Well, I don't know, —er, Brother," replied the Y.M. man who was an ex-parson but who had a sense of humor for all that, "but they do seem—particularly the musketeers—to talk out loud to God a good deal!"

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## WITH THE MITT WIELDERS

Sam Langford has decided to retire from the light game. He was recently knocked out by Harry Wills at Panama.

Kid Norfolk was given the decision over Porky Flynn in twelve rounds at Boston.

Joe Bush was given the newspaper decision over Ted Lewis in a slow ten round bout at Milwaukee.

In the semi, Clonie Tait stopped Billy Williams in two rounds.

Harry Greb, Pittsburgh scrapper, has been quite ill and was forced to cancel all his matches.

Angie Ratner, the New York middleweight, has been rejected by the Army because of flat feet.

Johnny Dundee was forced to call off five scheduled bouts because of a severe illness.

Johnny Volossi, brother of Al, fought a fast ten round draw with Henry Hamber at Reading, Pa.

Benny Leonard easily defeated Jack Rizzio, of Hazleton, Pa., at Philadelphia, the bout being stopped in the fourth round.

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The Champagne of Table Waters.

Delicious with lemon, sirops,

etc., and a perfect combination

with the light wines of France.

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EVERYWHERE, all over

the world, wherever

men and goods must be carried,

there you will find the

whole-hearted service of

Firestone

TIRES

"Over here" in France, "over

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his work better done, quicker and

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Firestone quality.

FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO.

AKRON, OHIO, U. S. A.

Good things!

FATIMA

A Sensible Cigarette

Leppin & Meyer-Strauss Co.

## TENDER WORDS EXPRESS LOVE FOR PARRAINS

Little Mascots Adopted by  
American Units Show  
Their Thanks

HENRIETTE, YVETTE AND RE

Kisses for "Dear Sirs" Who Have  
Aided France Through War  
Orphan Plan

MISS AERO COLUMBIA WRITES

Robert Says He Looks Stupid in His  
Picture, But His Letter Proves  
He Isn't

The hundred and more units of the A.E.F. which have each invested in the happiness and well-being of a little French child are already receiving the first dividends on those investments. Rich dividends, they are which come in the form of children's letters and you can bet your bottom franc that some of those letters will be on file with the most precious records of the company when Johnny goes marching home. For THE STARS AND STRIPES Orphans are sending in their thanks and already many a *mon bisou* has been solemnly and formally conveyed by mail to the vastly pleased *parrains* of the A.E.F.

Sometimes a little girl is able to write herself and fills a grateful letter with prattle of toys and dolls and dark memories of the day when the Huns came and one of them kicked her doll's cradle into the gutter. Sometimes a mother guides the tiny hand through the tremendous undertaking.

You may catch in the letter one ten-year-old French boy has written to the Lieutenant who is footing his bills this year a note of baseless alarm for fear this adoption will separate him from his older brother, who evidently makes him miserable for any one caught picking on the youngster. Then here is a letter from Henriette Thomas, aged five.

She is a little vague about this adoption business over which the family is so enthusiastic. Still, she has the right idea, for, just as she kisses the ducks and embraces the chickens when she goes to visit her grandmother in the country, so she expresses her immediate desire to fondle all the men in Company B. And it is of this little child with "a fat little turned-up nose" and an American grandmother that it is written:

"Her little heart is not very large; she loves her mother, her father who is in heaven, her brother and little Jesus."

So the letters run. Here are just a few of them:

### She Remembers the Hun

To Company B. — Inf. 1.  
It is a young officer who is writing you in answer to your kind letter. So, you are interested in my welfare? I am a girl of six years old. I go to school and learn my lesson very well, and my teacher is very pleased with me.

I left our home in November 1914, the 20th. I was but two years old, and I remember quite well having seen the Huns, one day I was playing with my doll and the enemy came. A Boche passed by me, kicking the cradle, which rolled into the street, and when they went through the village I used to hide myself, for I was very much frightened.

When we were taken to the Caserne Mollitor at Nancy, where charitable ladies came to see us very often in school. I had had a doll, but mother left it at Nancy, and when I saw my friends playing with theirs, I can't help crying, because I wish I had one too, but my mother is quite unable to buy me one owing to the high cost of living. We shared shoes, too often and they are very expensive and my mother is all alone now to work, but fortunately there are kind people who help us in order to give them our best thanks and a hearty "bonjour".

YVETTE GONNARD.

### "The Germans Killed Him"

To Supply Co., Q.M.C., No. 1.  
I reply to your letter, which gave me so much pleasure, as you are so kind as to be interested in the welfare of my son André. I heartily thank you for it. The little one was but one month old when his father started for the Army; now he is nearly four, being too small for writing. I shall hold his hand for a few words.

"I know that my daddy is dead; it is the Germans who killed him, and when the war is over I shall go and fetch him in his hole and tell him that I love him with me and mother, and when I am grown I shall help Mother, as Daddy is not there any more."

I am still too small to understand what life is. I have lived 11 months in Pont-a-Mousson under the bombardments, in the cellars, and I endured many pains, but today I am safe and sound and I like playing with my wooden horse.

"That is all I can tell you, dear Sirs. I do not go to school for the present, being not quite well."

ANDRÉ LUTHER.

### Henriette Can Sing, Though

To Co. B. — Supply Train:  
I must, I must say that Henriette will be but five in July next and that, as regards writing, she only knows how to make marks; but she wants me to tell you that she can sing "Dear Father". For one year at least it is her mother who will send you news and who will make you acquainted with Henriette's dispositions, qualities and defects.

I must say how glad I was to hear that a company of American soldiers was adopting my daughter. As those soldiers have come to avenge our father, I feel that they will bring good luck to her.

My mother was an American lady, and I think the little one has something of her blood in her veins. I shall send you soon a photograph, but, meanwhile, I shall just describe her.

Henriette is a blonde, she has very cunning blue eyes, a fat little turned-up nose, a mouth like a cherry and a pink and white skin. Like all mothers, I think my daughter is pretty. She is a high-spirited girl and laughs and cries with all her heart. Although very young, she is already a little woman as regards finery; she likes ribbons, laces and silks; she is curious and a little chatterbox; but, if she has the defects of her sex, she also has the qualities going with it.

She has a little brother, one year younger, who also has the defects of his sex; he is despot and selfish. Well, Henriette yields to him in order not to make him cry; in a word, she is quite devoted to this little brother of four years. She likes sewing, and is always trying to do what her mother is doing; she will be clever.

Her little heart is not very large; she loves her mother, her father, who is in heaven; her brother and little Jesus. What she likes best are the little animals. Some time ago she wanted me to buy her a little "fox" to play with, and she keeps thinking about it still. When she goes to her grandmother's in the country, she goes to her grandmother's in the country.

## SHE SENDS A "GROS BAISER"

Mes chers Parrains,  
Je suis une toute petite fille qui ne sait pas écrire mais je veux tout de même vous dire un gros merci.

Recevez tous de votre petite fille un gros baiser

Une petite Française  
Marie - Louise  
Patriarche

Marie-Louise Patriarche, three and one-half years old, the first orphan adopted under this paper's plan and taken by this paper's staff, doesn't know how to write. She says so herself—over her own signature. The secret is this. Marie-Louise's mother guided Marie-Louise's hand. But the sentiments are Marie-Louise's. If you have just come over, and can't even understand the kind of French a little girl of less than four speaks, here is a translation of Marie-Louise's letter:

"My dear parrains:  
I am quite a little girl who does not know how to write, but just the same I want to say a big 'Thank-you'."

"Here is a great big kiss for all of you from your little fille."

"A little French girl."  
"MARIE-LOUISE PATRIARCHE."

try her great pleasure consists in kissing the chickens and ducks. Owing to this war we have lost everything, and our poor house is under a daily bombardment. When the evacuation took place, I was not at home, but I was with Mother at my poor father's bedside. He had just had an operation to open a "mouth" in the stomach because the gullet was closed up by gas after 32 hours spent in the trenches, and he could not eat with his own mouth. The doctor says there is no hope for my poor dear father. Then we were warned to leave on March 24, and, when we came back, the country was evacuated. It was very sad for us, as we had not been able to save anything. We had to spend a dreadful night in a cellar at Amiens under the bombardment. It is very sad for me; I was to make my first communion on May 12 and now everything is changed, with my poor little daddy so ill.

I heartily thank you for wishing to help us. I am now living at Bernay, with Mother, who is doing her best to help us, as she only has the military allocation and no other assistance. I am going to school, but when I come back it is very hard to see Mother crying. If God could only reassure her for daddy's life!

I send my letter, dear Sirs, with my most grateful thanks for your kindness, and please accept the affectionate greetings of a little French girl.

GILBERTE DUCHE.

Just a Little French Girl

To Headquarters Staff. — Division:  
It is a little French girl, very grateful, who is writing to you. Mother just told me that you were kind enough to have me as your god-daughter.

Before the war, we used to live in a pretty cottage with a small garden in front and a bigger one behind. I loved gardening, and Mother had allowed me to do just as I liked in a particular corner. I cannot garden any more now that we live in a flat, since poor Daddy's death.

However, a friend gave us a corner of her large garden and farm, where I live and Yvonne. As it has not been cleared since the war, it is very hard work; there is a lot of coniferous and the roots are very hard to dig up. What I should like to do would be to pass my *certificat d'études* and then spend a short time at Grignon and one year in a farm school, in order to become a farmer when I am grown.

I thank you again a thousand times and am very grateful to you.

Your little god-daughter, who would so much like to know you and wishes to tell you all good news and hopes to receive news from you.

GERMAINE SCHWAB.

From Miss Aero Columbia

To the Aero Squadron:  
I reply to your letter which gave me great pleasure. I shall be so glad to have a new father, who will guide me and help me. I have a little French boy and a little French girl. It is four years now since we were deprived of the caresses of our dear daddy, who has disappeared. How glad I should be to see him again! And how I should like to comfort our poor mother, who has been suffering so long and working so hard in order to give us all the necessary food and clothing.

We are now living at the barracks and have school in the refectory, and we play in the court under the supervision of our mother, the same thing as at the Caserne Mollitor in Nancy.

My dear Sirs, I end my letter which, I hope, will give you pleasure. With my best thanks, I am, gratefully yours.

MISS AERO COLUMBIA  
(the name her parrains have bestowed on her.)

Doesn't Like His Picture

To Lieutenant E. L. Wileless:  
I hear today that I have American friends! How glad I am! Although I do not know you, I should like to know at once what are your name and where you are. I wonder you selected me because the photo sent you was very bad and I look stupid on it.

I am ten years old and am born in Dakar (Senegal). I go to school at Janson de Sailly and am in Class 6-A. I am a good pupil and am beginning to learn Latin. I learn English also and want to go place at composition, but I wish I knew it quite well in order to be able to speak.

I am pretty good at drawing and am always making sketches during my spare time. During the Pentecost holidays I intend making sketches for you, as I shall have time to do it then.

I shall make my first Communion on May 16 at Janson de Sailly. We shall be alone on that day, as all my family Trousselle has just left. Nayon, an uncle, has been evacuated in different parts of France. We shall sing hymns on my first Communion day; I am proud of it and like very much singing with my schoolfellows, our choir.

I have a brother called Pierre. He is 12 years old and very good at gymnastics; he stands up for me when a bigger boy wants to strike me. I cannot live without him and am very unhappy when he is away. I have also a sister who is 15 years old and is called Renée.

On Thursdays we go to the Bois de Boulogne, where we all play together. Since Mother has died, we live with Grandmother and Auntie, who stays with us because Uncle is at the front. I don't know what I shall do when I am grown, but I want to be like my darling Father. We are not afraid of the Goths or guns.

I shall try to send you a better photo of myself and send you all a big kiss. I am so glad to have friends like you!

Your Little ROBERT TROUSSELLE.

Chaplain John B. Desvalles, of the 104th Infantry, as previously announced, won the *Croix de Guerre* for "extraordinary heroism and devotion to his duty. Under uninterrupted fire of the enemy, at the constant risk of his life, he never ceased from aiding the wounded and encouraging the men weakened by hard fighting."

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## THOSE Q. M. FELLOWS CAN GET ANYTHING

Even When Mice Eat Up  
the Stock, They Can  
Find a Remedy

Troubles never troubled the mess sergeant at the Army schools as long as they came singly and in pairs. He was used to them. It was not until they got to coming by battalions and regiments that he worried—furry bright eyes, at auctions little troubles that performed nocturnal manoeuvres in the sergeant's store room and concluded with a banquet which was enjoyed by all concerned except the sergeant.

"Mice?" said the sergeant. "They may look like mice, but they eat like goats. One night they ate four cans of apples, thus and all. And syrup—they open it can after can and drink it."

Every time the sergeant planned a luscious *stom à la guerre* he found the carrots or some other necessary ingredient gone and he never could serve turkey properly because the chestnuts for the dressing always were consumed. He tried traps and poison. The mice ignored the former and thrived on the latter.

"Only one thing to do," said the sergeant as he made out his semi-monthly ration return for the quartermaster. The ration return read, in part as follows:

Meat, for stinks..... 6 lbs.  
Meat, for stinks..... 2040 lbs.  
Peaches, stewed..... 2 cans.  
Peanut butter..... 11 tons.  
Cats, hungry..... 1 doz.

The quartermaster who received this had a reputation for resourcefulness. He called a corporal.

"Take a squad and catch me 12 cats," he said. The order was obeyed. The cats were in his possession the next morning. Word has it that 12 of the best families of a certain French village are perturbed over the mysterious—and simultaneous—disappearance of their pet tabbies, but the boys at the Army schools are eating better.

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Her Parting Gift

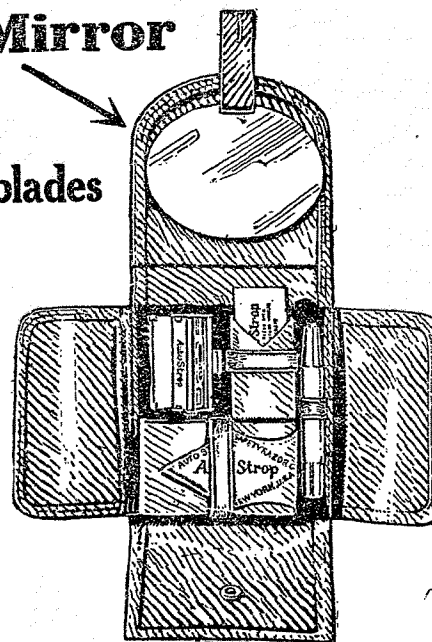
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